

NOV.

No. 29

10c

64

PAGES

SPARKLING

STARS





[illegible]



# CRIME AND CRIME PREVENTION AUTHORITY WRITES FOR US



J. M. MASTER  
U. S. Probation Officer  
Southern District of New York

Would you like to have an expert — known by prison officials, district attorneys and police officers all over the country — tell you why criminals and juvenile delinquents (so-called "bad" boys and "bad" girls) get that way? And how crime can be reduced?

Well, you can have the privilege of reading special articles concerning the foregoing subjects, written by J. M. Master, U.S. Probation Officer. We have induced him to write on many interesting topics in connection with his work.

The first three of the series of articles appearing in early issues of SPARKLING STARS, written by the U. S. Probation Officer are:—

**"WHY 'BAD' BOYS ARE CRIMINALS?"**

**"WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINALS?"**

**"WRONG START, RIGHT END, MADE BY THREE BOYS"**

The 20 years that Mr. Master has spent in and out of prison and correctional work, include the following positions:—

Personnel Officer of the Massachusetts State Prison, executive secretary of the Big Brother Association of Boston, supervisor of the Personnel Dept., of the Mass. Reformatory for Men, supervisor of the information and complaint dept. of the Juvenile Court for the District of Columbia, probation director and editorial assistant of the Attorney General's Survey of Release & Procedure of the U.S. Depart-

ment of Justice, and warden's assistant of the Federal Detention Headquarters, New York City.

In the course of his prison work, Mr. Master became skilled in the use of revolvers, machine guns, tear gas, ju-jitsu, etc. But although he can deal with the toughest criminal, Mr. Master is also an understanding scholar. He has B.A. and M.A. degrees from Harvard University, and in addition, studied at the New School for Social Research and at the N.Y. School of Social Work.

\*\*\*\*\*

Much has been written about the so-called glamorous careers of criminals. But in an early issue of SPARKLING STARS will appear the far more glamorous career of an outstanding detective of the New York Police Department — written by a friend who has known him for a long time. Its title is:—

**A GREAT BROADWAY DETECTIVE— A TRUE CRIME FIGHTER**

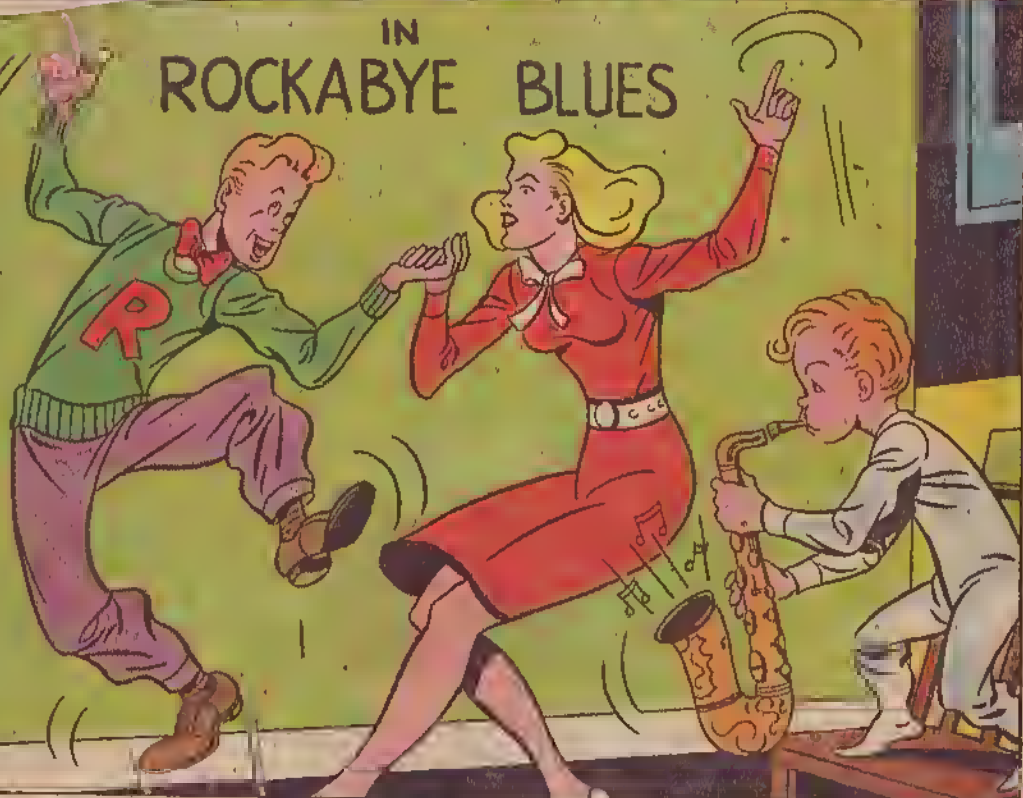
**HOLYOKE PUBLISHING CO., 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Massachusetts**

I don't want to miss receiving my monthly copy of Sparkling Stars, so here is my dollar bill. Please send me the next 12 big issues of Sparkling Stars—my favorite comic book.

NAME ..... TOWN .....  
STREET ..... STATE .....

# SAXIE and PEACHES:

IN  
ROCKABYE BLUES

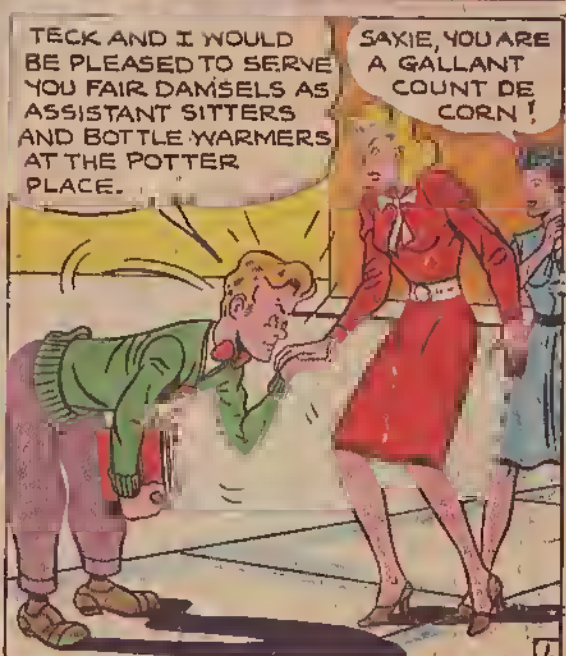
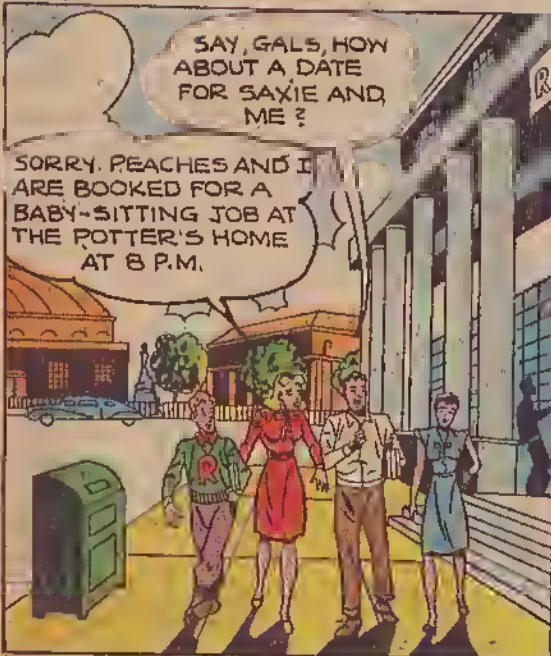


SAY, GALS, HOW ABOUT A DATE FOR SAXIE AND ME?

SORRY. PEACHES AND I ARE BOOKED FOR A BABY-SITTING JOB AT THE POTTER'S HOME AT 8 P.M.

TECK AND I WOULD BE PLEASED TO SERVE YOU FAIR DAMSELS AS ASSISTANT SITTERS AND BOTTLE WARMERS AT THE POTTER PLACE.

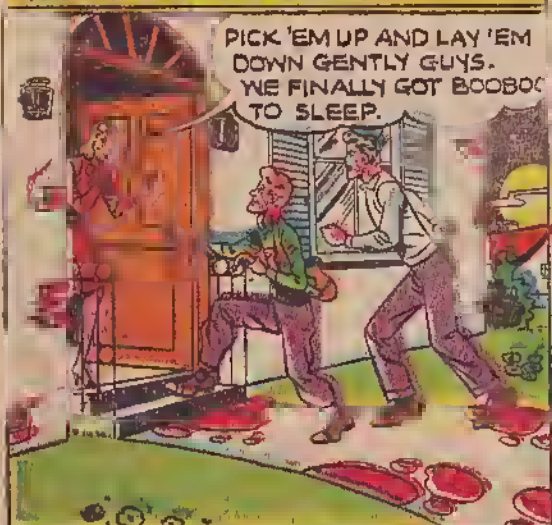
SAXIE, YOU ARE A GALLANT COUNT DE CORN!





AND AT 8 THAT EVENING...

PICK 'EM UP AND LAY 'EM  
DOWN GENTLY GUYS.  
WE FINALLY GOT BOOBOO  
TO SLEEP.



MIGHT AS WELL TACK  
ON A LITTLE SCHOOL  
ATMOSPHERE.

IF BOOBOO  
WAKES UP, I'LL  
TACK YOUR EARS  
TO THE WALL!

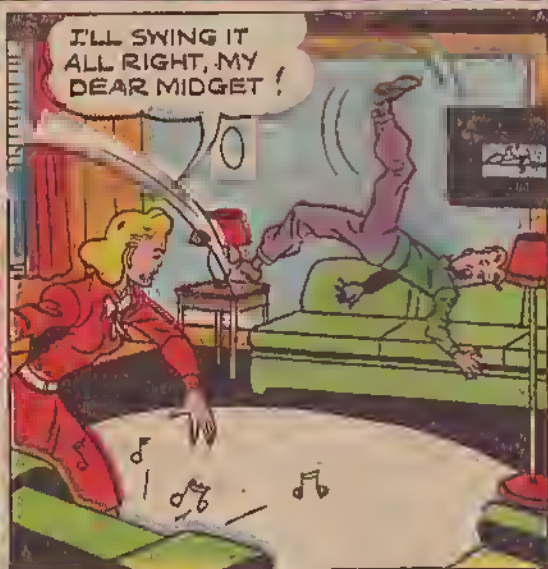


OPEN  
THE DOOR,  
MIDGET!

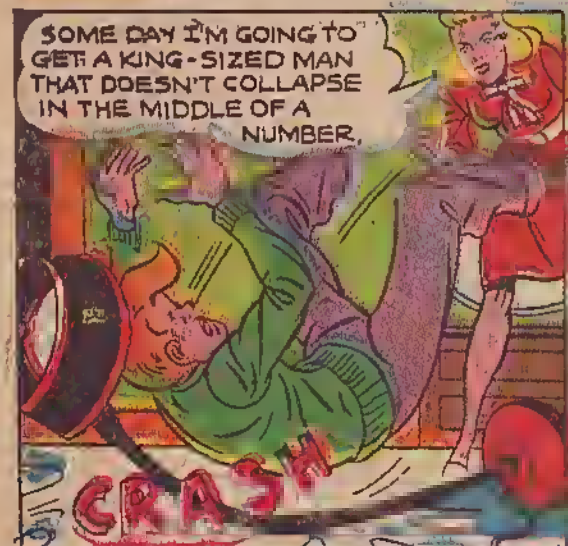
YEAH, BO,  
SWING IT!



I'LL SWING IT  
ALL RIGHT, MY  
DEAR MIDGET!



SOME DAY I'M GOING TO  
GET A KING-SIZED MAN  
THAT DOESN'T COLLAPSE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF A  
NUMBER.



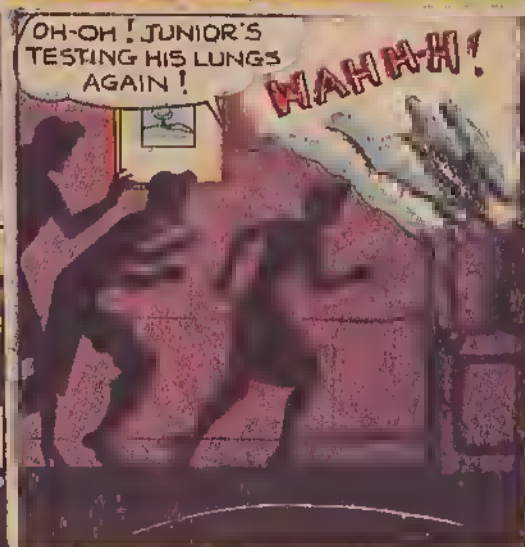
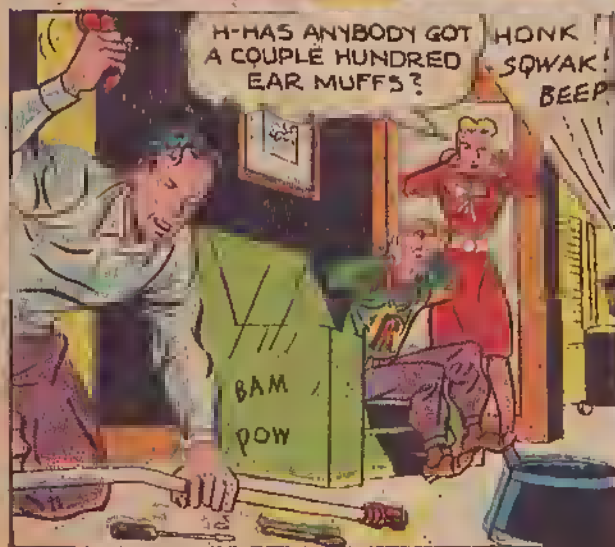
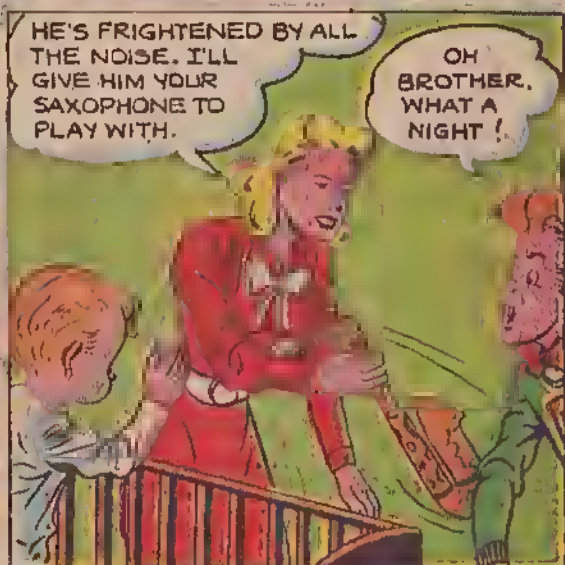
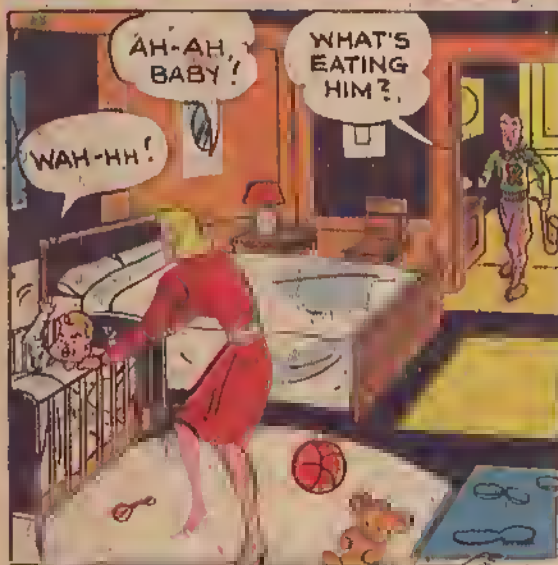
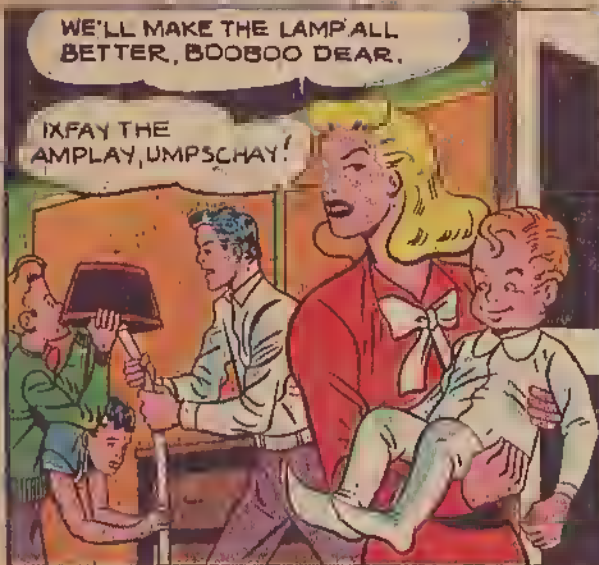
HEAVEN TO BETSY!  
THE LAMP BROKE!

YOU GONNA  
GET A  
LICKING!

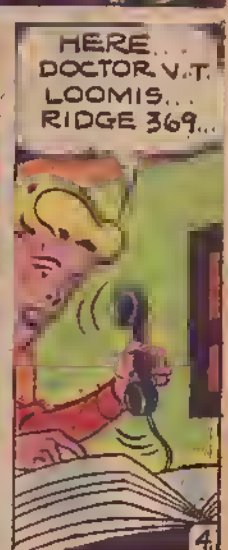
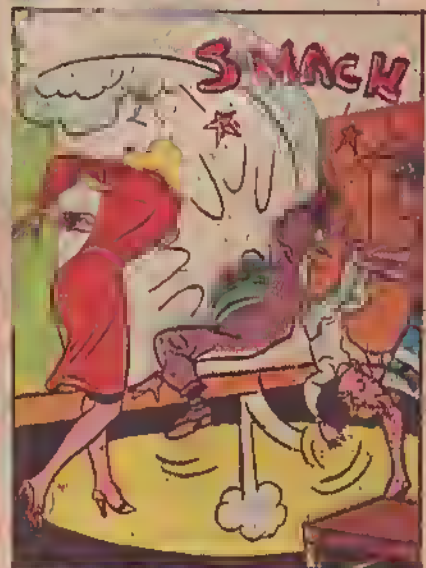
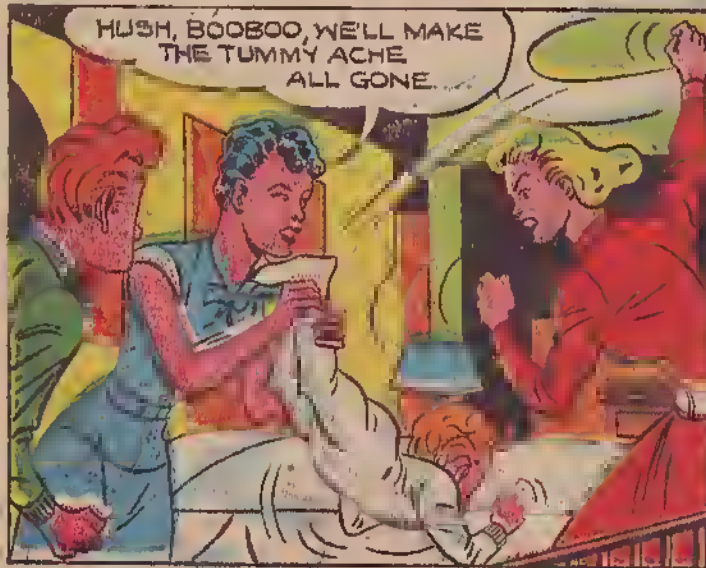
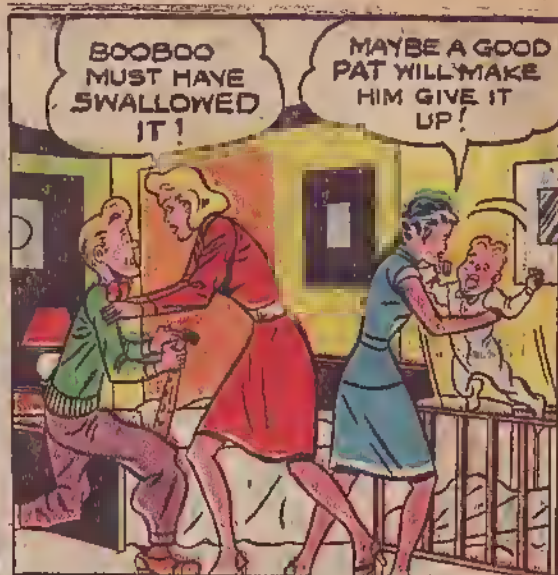
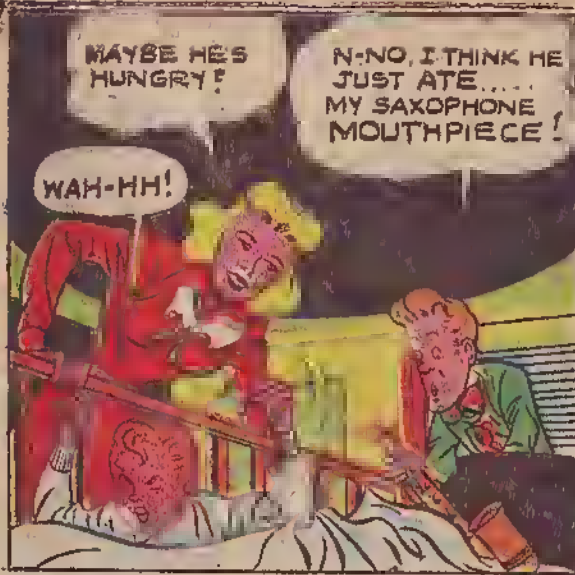


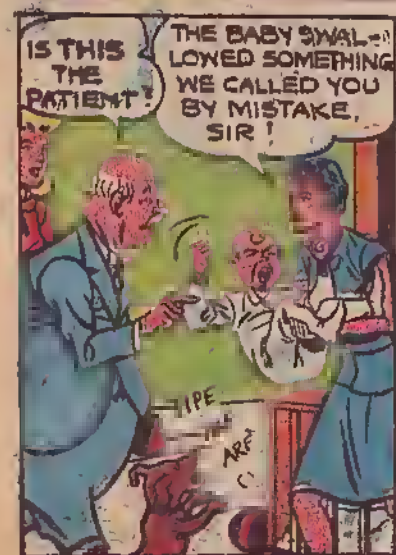
BOOBOO TELL  
MOMMY YOU BREAK  
LAMP!



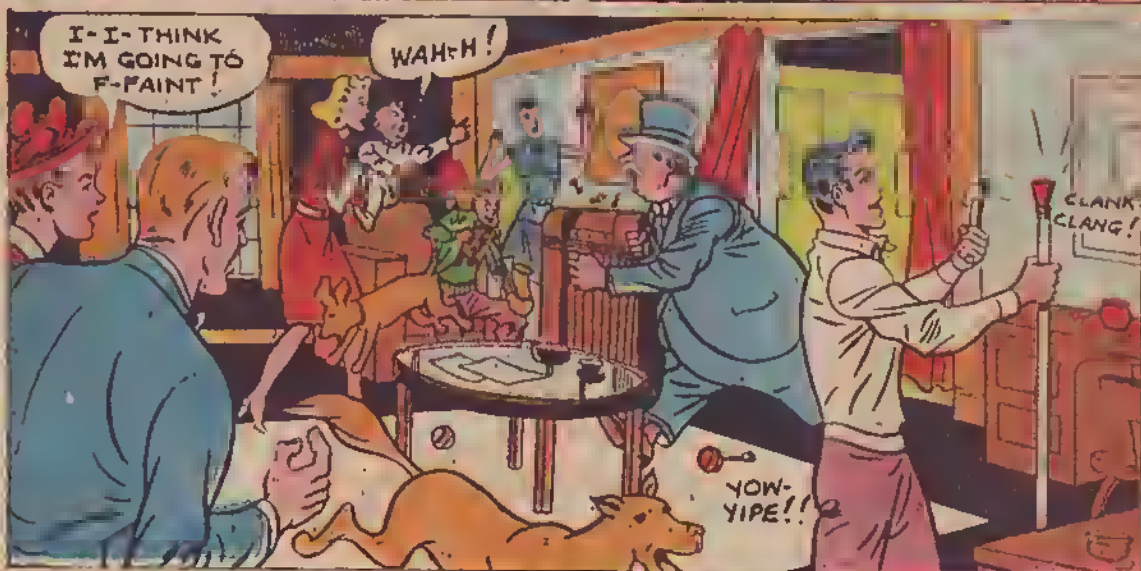
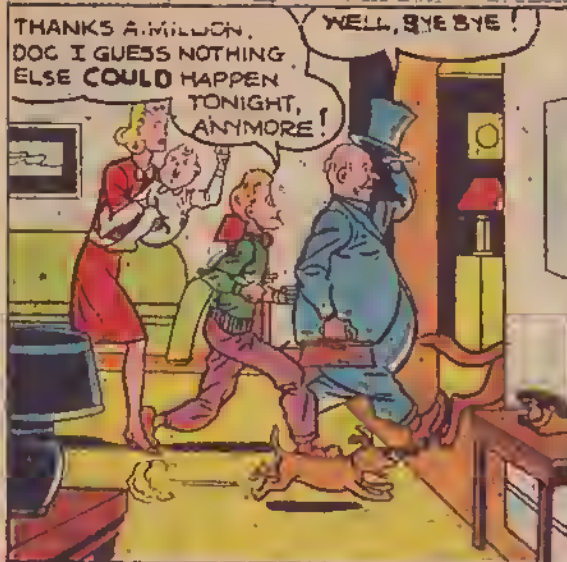




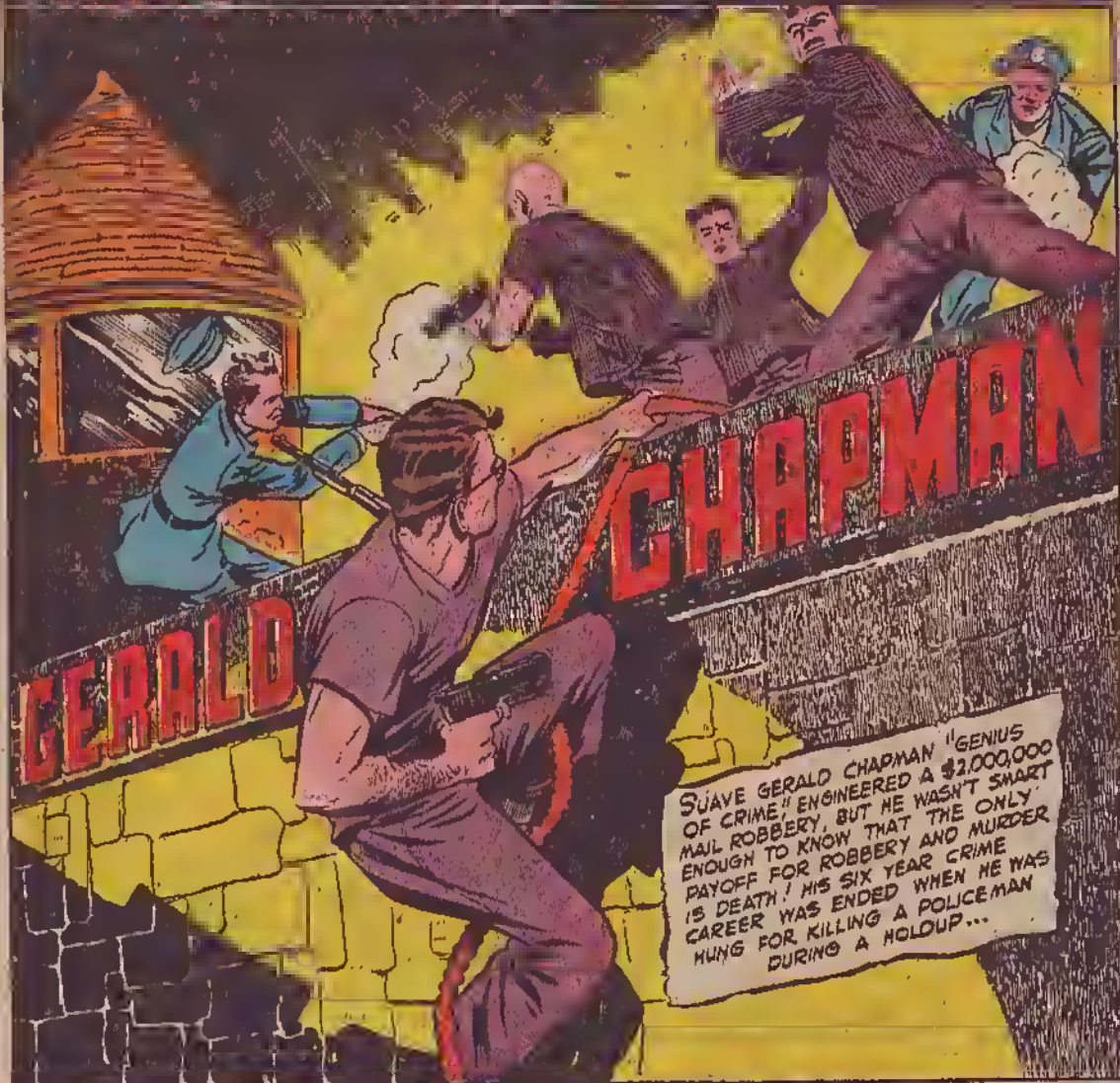








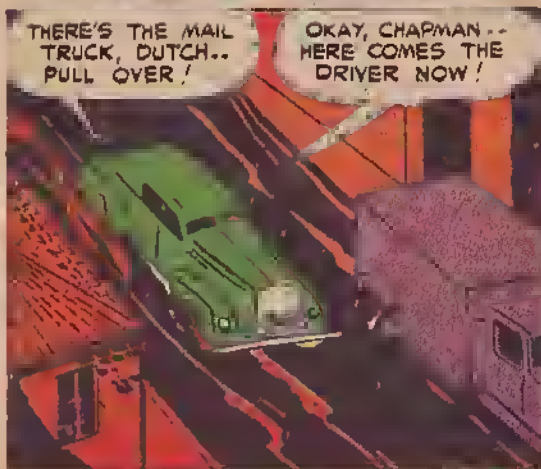
# TRUE DRAMATIC CRIME



NEW YORK, OCT. 24, 1921...

THERE'S THE MAIL TRUCK, DUTCH.. PULL OVER!

OKAY, CHAPMAN... HERE COMES THE DRIVER NOW!



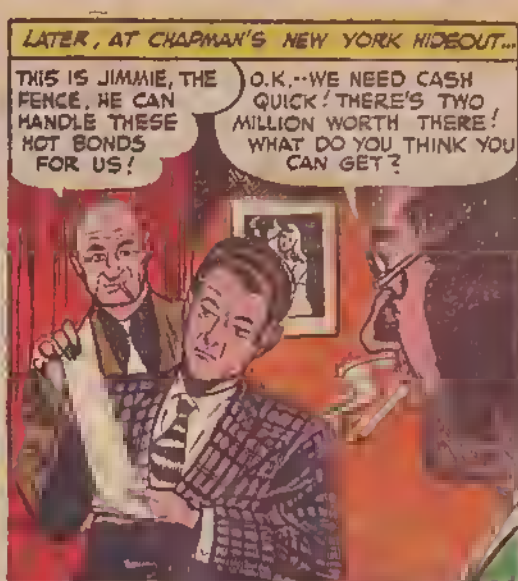
WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THE MAIL, BUD!







GET THESE TO THE CAR... WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE!



LATER, AT CHAPMAN'S NEW YORK HIDEOUT...  
THIS IS JIMMIE, THE FENCE. HE CAN HANDLE THESE HOT BONDS FOR US!

O.K.--WE NEED CASH QUICK! THERE'S TWO MILLION WORTH THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET?



I MIGHT GET SIX BITS ON A DOLLAR BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME, CHAPMAN!

SUITS ME...BUT JUST REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH!



DON'T WORRY, CHAPMAN... YOU CAN TRUST ME!

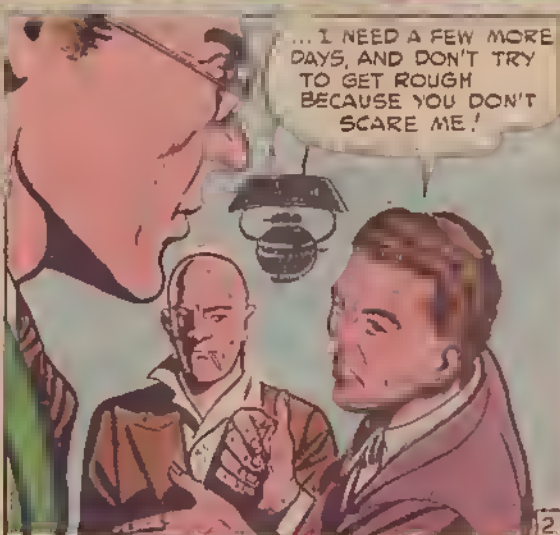
O.K. BUT LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN GET THE DOUGH.



A WEEK LATER...

YOU'RE STALLIN', JIMMIE... I WANT THE DOUGH FOR THOSE BONDS NOW...OR DUTCH HERE WILL GIVE YOU A WORKING OVER! NOW SPILL IT... WHAT'S THE SCORE?

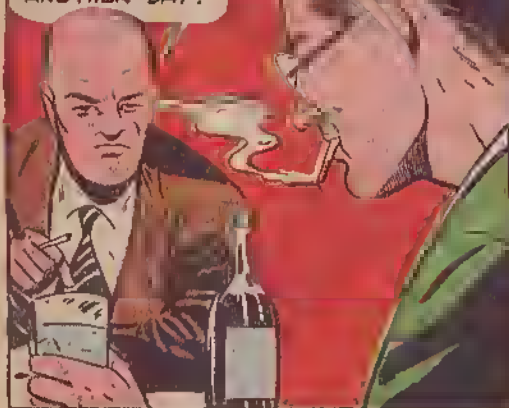
LISTEN, CHAPMAN... I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR TRYING TO GET RID OF THOSE HOT BONDS...



... I NEED A FEW MORE DAYS, AND DON'T TRY TO GET ROUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T SCARE ME!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY  
ABOUT THAT GUY, DUTCH---  
MAYBE YOU BETTER FOLLOW HIM!

TAKE IT EASY, CHAPMAN...  
LET'S GIVE HIM  
ANOTHER DAY!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AT CHAPMAN'S HIDEOUT...

THERE'S SOMEONE  
KNOCKING... IT MUST  
BE JIMMIE!

YEAH, ANDERSON,  
AN' HE BETTER  
HAVE OUR DOUGH!



WHA... JIMMIE!  
YA DOUBLE  
CROSSIN'...

NO, CHAPMAN... I WORK  
FOR THE EXPRESS  
COMPANY! REMEMBER  
THAT \$70,000 JOB  
IN NIAGARA FALLS?



CHAPMAN  
GOT 25  
YEARS IN  
ATLANTA  
FOR THE  
MAIL  
ROBBERY,  
BUT ON  
MARCH  
27, 1925...  
IN THE  
PRISON  
HOSPITAL  
WARD...

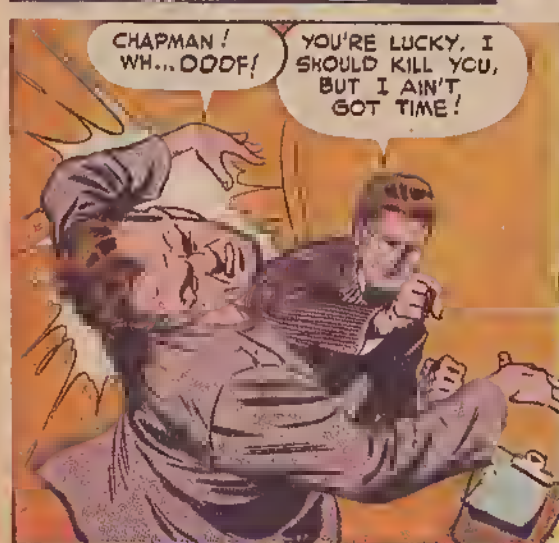
NOW'S OUR CHANCE,  
FRED... ONLY THE  
PRISON DOC IS HERE!

OKAY, CHAPMAN,  
LET'S RUSH HIM!

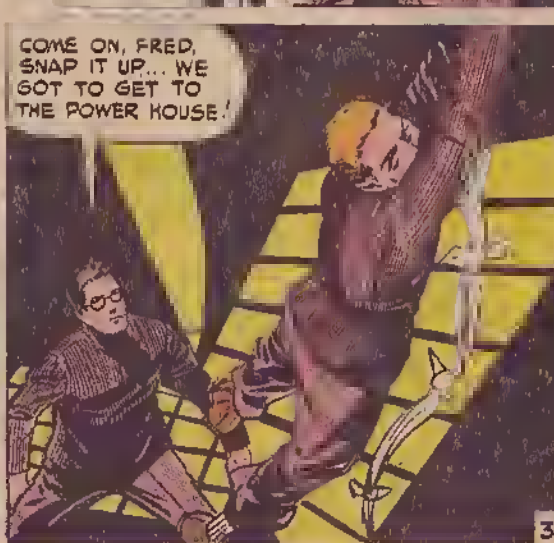


CHAPMAN!  
WH... ODDF!

YOU'RE LUCKY, I  
SHOULD KILL YOU,  
BUT I AIN'T  
GOT TIME!

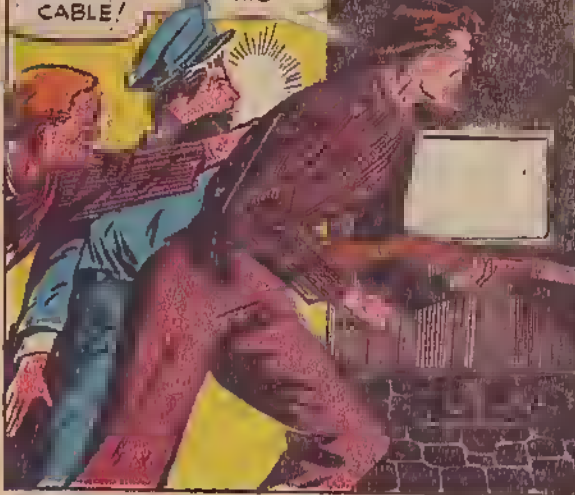


COME ON, FRED,  
SNAP IT UP... WE  
GOT TO GET TO  
THE POWER HOUSE!

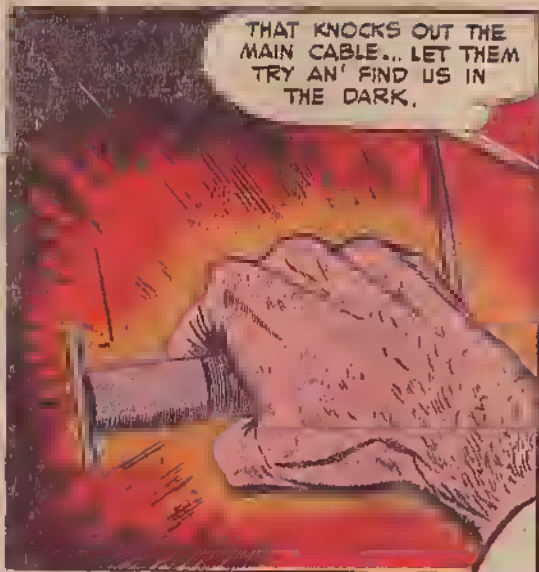




TAKE CARE OF THAT GUARD!  
I'M GOING IN HERE AND  
RIP OUT THE ELECTRIC  
CABLE!

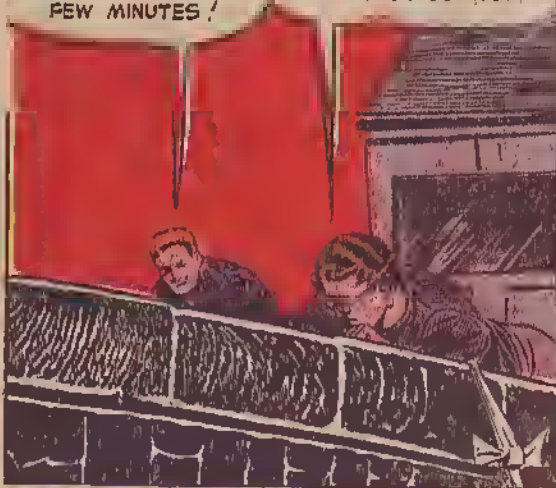


THAT KNOCKS OUT THE  
MAIN CABLE... LET THEM  
TRY AN' FIND US IN  
THE DARK.



HURRY, CHAPMAN!  
THEY'LL HAVE THAT  
CABLE FIXED IN A  
FEW MINUTES!

WE'LL MAKE IT... BUT  
KEEP LOW! THEY  
CAN'T SPOT US NOW.



CHAPMAN AND HIS CELL MATE MAKE GOOD THEIR  
ESCAPE... 20 MINUTES LATER IN A NEARBY WOODS.

HERE'S THE GUNS  
AND CLOTHES MY  
FRIENDS HID  
FOR ME!

LET'S CHANGE QUICK,  
CHAPMAN... I THINK  
THEY HAVE THE DOGS  
AFTER US!



LATER, ON A NEARBY HIGHWAY...

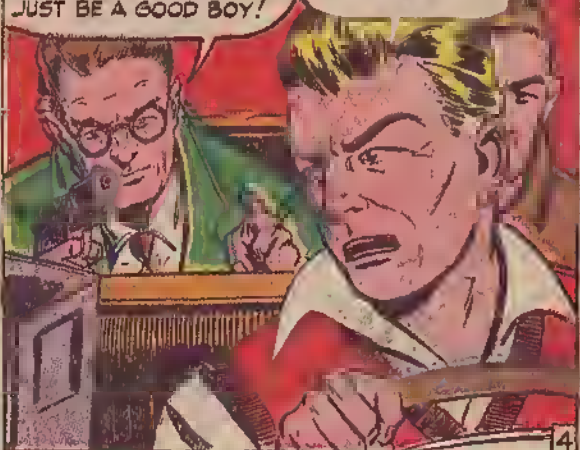
WE'RE IN LUCK! HERE  
COMES A CAB... I'LL  
DO THE TALKING!

RIGHT, CHAPMAN! GET  
OUT THERE AND  
STOP HIM!



O.K. DRIVER, WE'RE  
GOING TO ATHENS AND  
THIS IS OUR FARE!  
JUST BE A GOOD BOY!

A GUN! YES... YES  
SIR! ANYTHING  
YOU SAY!



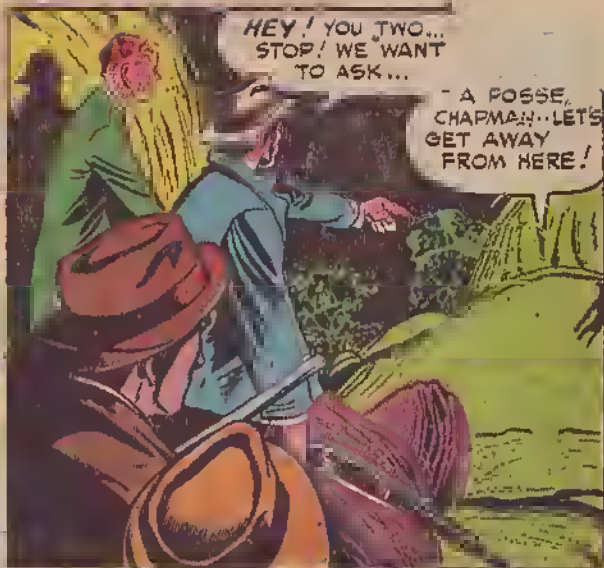
O.K., DRIVER... STOP HERE...  
WHEN WE GET OUT, TURN  
AROUND AND GO BACK THE  
WAY WE CAME!

YE...YEAH...  
SURE...



HEY! YOU TWO...  
STOP! WE WANT  
TO ASK...

"A POSSE,  
CHAPMAN...LET'S  
GET AWAY  
FROM HERE!"



I'M HIT...

KEEP GOING,  
CHAPMAN...  
THEY'LL KILL US!



DO YOU MUGS  
GIVE UP?

YEAH!  
DON'T SHOOT  
ANYMORE!



SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, CHAPMAN ESCAPED FROM THE PRISON WARD OF THE HOSPITAL IN  
ATHENS. HE WAS NEXT HEARD OF OCT. 12, 1924, IN NEW BRITAIN, CONN., WHEN, WITH AN  
ACCOMPLICE NAMED SHEAN, HE BROKE INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE.

HURRY, CHAPMAN...  
I FEEL UNEASY!

A FEW MINUTES  
MORE...



WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?







OHHH!

THIS IS WHAT'S  
GOING ON,  
COPPER!



CHAPMAN ESCAPED AGAIN, FINALLY, JAN. 18,  
1925, IN MUNCIE, INDIANA...

SO THEY GRABBED SHEAN!  
SUCKER, I TOLD HIM TO  
GET OUT OF THE EAST!  
THEY'LL NEVER GET  
ME! HUH, WHAT'S THIS?  
A SQUAD CAR?



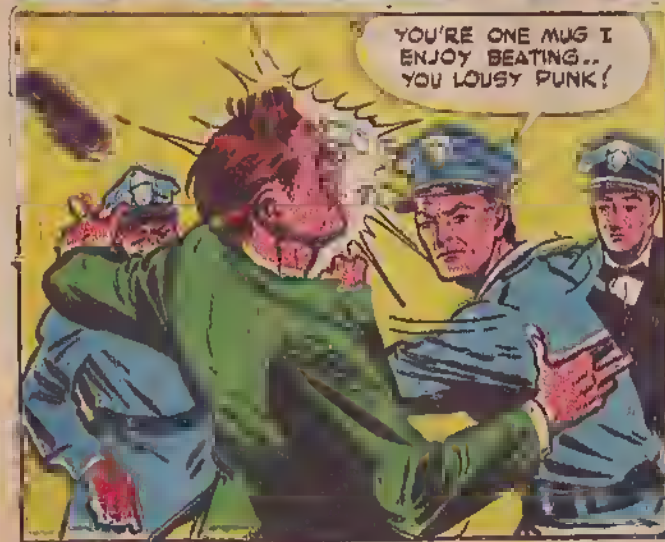
O.K., CHAPMAN,  
WE'VE GOT YOU  
THIS TIME!

NO YOU DON'T,  
COPPERS!

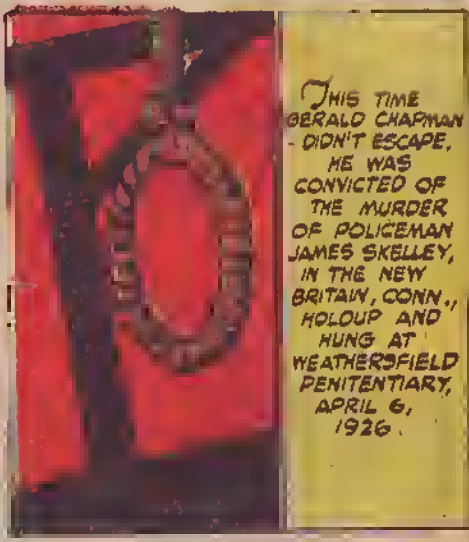


WE'VE GOT YOU,  
CHAPMAN, DROP IT!

WHAT D'YA THINK I  
AM, A PUNK?

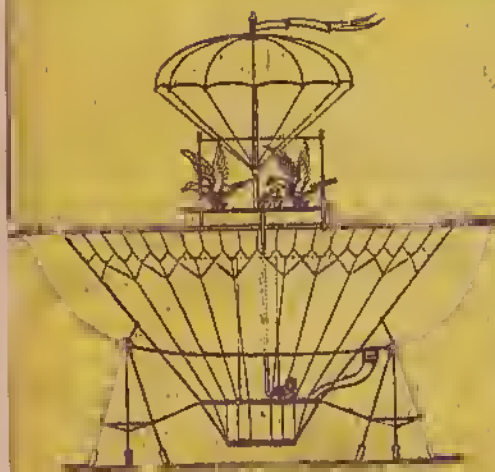


YOU'RE ONE MUG I  
ENJOY BEATING...  
YOU LOUSY PUNK!



THIS TIME  
GERALD CHAPMAN  
- DIDN'T ESCAPE.  
HE WAS  
CONVICTED OF  
THE MURDER  
OF POLICEMAN  
JAMES SKELLEY,  
IN THE NEW  
BRITAIN, CONN.,  
HOLDUP AND  
HUNG AT  
WEATHERSFIELD  
PENITENTIARY,  
APRIL 6,  
1926.

# BRAIN EXPLOSIONS



No. 383,037

BEFORE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS FINALLY SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF HEAVIER THAN AIR TRAVEL BY PLANE, MANY PREVIOUS SCHEMES HAD BEEN TRIED.

HERE'S A BEAUT THAT WAS PATENTED IN 1887. FROM THE PATENT APPLICATION WE GATHER THE FOLLOWING FACTS --

"BY THIS ---- INVENTION THE ---- MOTOR AND GUIDING ARRANGEMENTS ARE REPLACED BY A LIVING MOTOR - SUCH AS ..... EAGLES, VULTURES, CONDORS, ETC.

"IT MAY BE OBSERVED THAT THE BIRDS HAVE ONLY TO FLY, THE DIRECTION OF THEIR FLIGHT BEING CHANGED BY THE CONDUCTOR QUITE INDEPENDENTLY OF THEIR OWN WILL ----"

## DEVICE FOR PRODUCING DIMPLES !!

NOW EVEN YOU CAN HAVE DIMPLES! WHY WAIT FOR NATURE WHEN SUCH A DEVICE AS THIS IS AVAILABLE?

NESTLED AMONG THE MANY PATENTS IN THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE IS THIS WONDERFUL DEVICE THAT MAN-KIND SO SORELY REQUIRES -

No. 580,357.



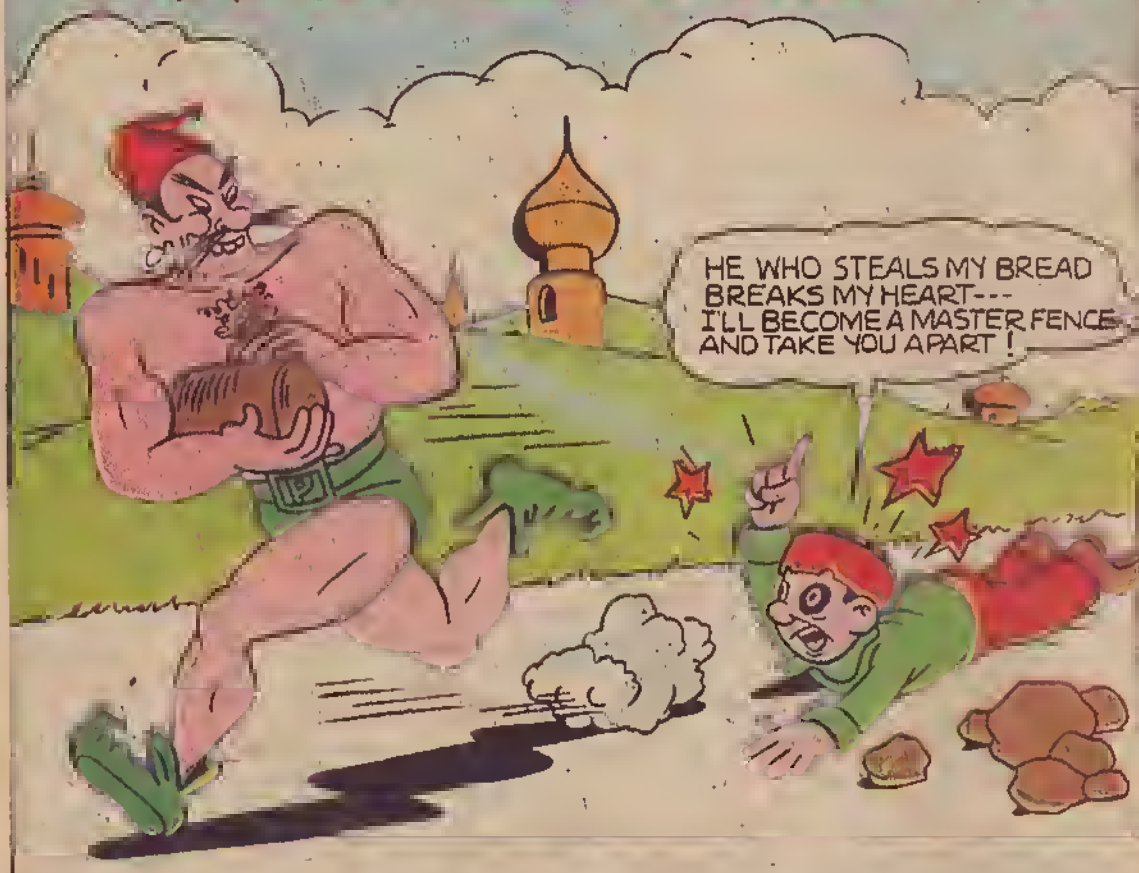
YIP! HOW DO YOU GET THIS THING OFF?



\* ALL THESE INVENTIONS ARE AUTHENTIC. COMPLETE COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL PATENTS MAY BE HAD BY WRITING TO THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON D.C. GIVE THE NUMBER OF THE PATENTS AND ENCLOSE TEN CENTS.



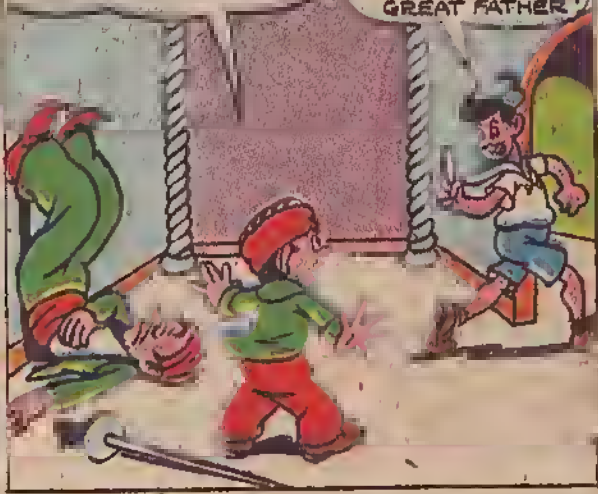
# ALI-BABA



SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW  
MY OWN STRENGTH!



ZAZA, MY SON, WHAT AN  
ATHLETE YOU ARE!



I TAKE  
AFTER MY  
GREAT FATHER!

THE NEXT DAY...

THE WOUNDS YOUR  
SON GAVE ME  
SEEM TO SLOW  
ME UP!

I'VE LEARNED  
THE TRICK--  
WITH A SWORD  
I'M REALLY  
SLICK!



ALI IS AT THE FENCING SCHOOL  
ACTING LIKE A FOOL!  
I'LL SHOW HIM!

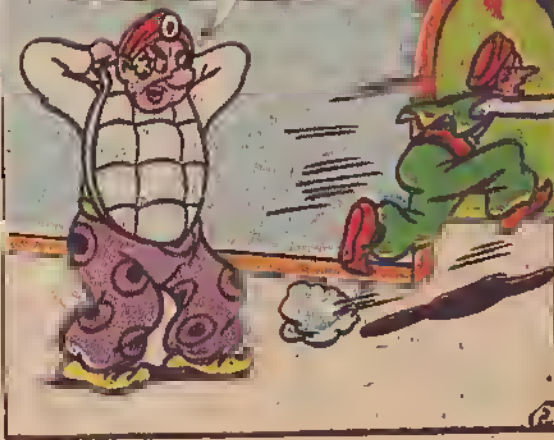


BUT YOUR HUSBAND  
WANTED TO TAKE  
LESSONS---

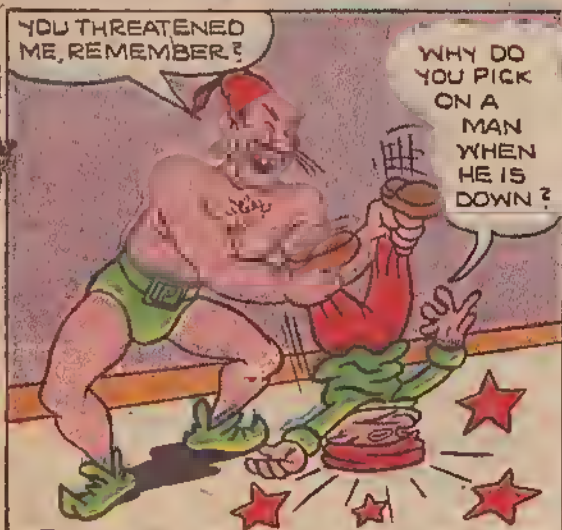
I SLAVE OVER THE TUB,  
TAKING IN WASHING  
WHILE YOU MAKE  
EASY MONEY,  
TAKING IT  
FROM ALI--

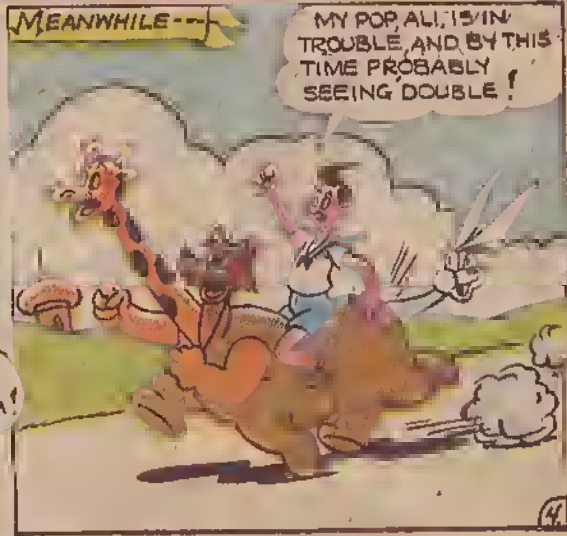
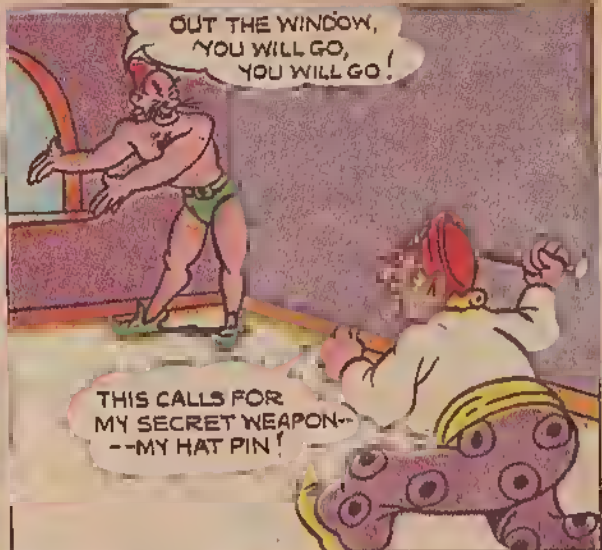


NOW SCATTER! I'LL GIVE  
ALI A SURPRISE LESSON  
HE'LL NEVER FORGET!











PIRATE PASHA, KASHA HAS RETURNED  
WITH HIS GANG OF 12 PIRATES...

NOW, MY TROUBLESOME  
FRIENDS, GET READY  
FOR YOUR END!

MY DEAR WIFE,  
YOU TAKE CARE  
OF THE DOZEN  
PIRATES AND  
LEAVE THE REST  
TO ME!

DON'T START ANYTHING, ROBO,  
UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD!

LOOKS LIKE  
THE BABA  
FAMILY IS  
IN A JAM!

WAIT FOR THE  
MAGIC WORD  
-- THEN GO  
BAM!

NOW FOR MY MAGIC COMMAND!  
BREAK THE DOME OF ANYONE  
WHO CALLS YOU A DOPE!

THOSE MAGIC  
WORDS GIVE  
ME A  
THRILL!

FIGHT!  
YOU BET  
WE WILL!

GOOD OLD  
ROBO!

TOO BAD I  
DIDN'T HAVE MY  
SWORD! I'D  
HAVE LICKED  
THE WHOLE  
HORDE!

THE BEATINGS ALI GOT FENCING WITH GRETCH HARDENED HIM SO, THAT HE COULD MEET ALL COMERS--

ALI CAN STAND UP TO THE GREATEST FENCER IN ARABIA!

THAT'S 12 TIMES HE'S FENCED WITH CHAMPS. THE SULTAN MUST HEAR OF THIS!



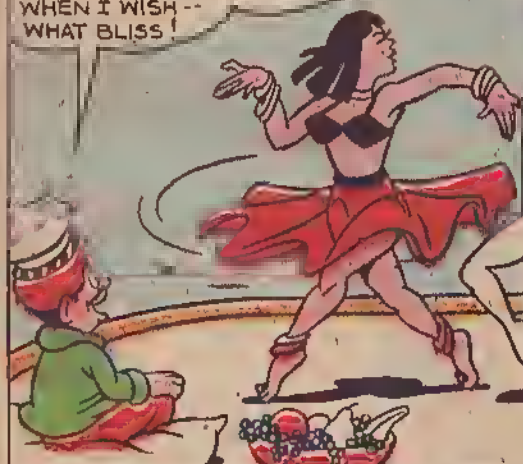
THE SULTAN DOES HEAR--

YOU'RE A GREAT FENCER, I HEAR. SO I CROWN YOU MY FAVORITE COURTIER!

I SHALL SERVE YOU WELL, MASTER

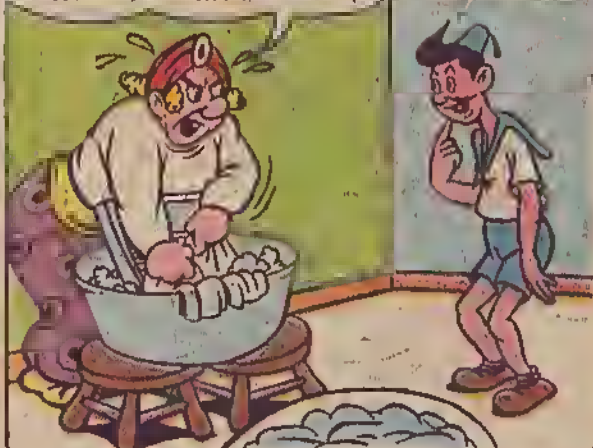


HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS. GOOD EATS-- AND I CAN GO INTO THE SULTAN'S HAREM WHEN I WISH-- WHAT BLISS!



YOUR FATHER IS SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIES, BUT OUR MONEY STILL COMES FROM MY SLAVING OUTIES!

MAMA IS JEALOUS!



I'M GLAD, GRETCH, YOU'RE NOT SORE. LIFE AT THE PALACE IS FAR FROM A BORE!

YOUR FAME AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE I'D LIKE TO SHARE. HOW ABOUT GETTING ME A JOB OVER THERE?



GRETCH GETS A JOB SCRUBBING DISHES IN THE PALACE KITCHEN--

I'VE GOT TO GET ALL OUT OF HERE, OR ELSE I'LL LOSE HIM, I FEAR!





ON THE PALACE GROUNDS...

IT'S ONLY A JOKE, SON,  
BUT IF YOU STOLE THOSE BAGS  
IT WOULD BE FUN!

I'LL GET ROBO  
AND DO IT!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED!  
CALL OUT THE GUARDS!

THE SULTAN HAS PROMISED  
ME THE PACIFIC OCEAN  
IF I CAN FIND THOSE  
BAGS!

GO HOME  
AND FIND  
ROBO---  
THE BAGS  
ARE THERE!

HERE IS YOUR  
TREASURE IN 2 BAGS,  
SULTAN. MAY I  
HAVE MY  
REWARD?

GREAT WORK, ALI!  
BUT WE MUST SEE  
IF EVERYTHING  
IS HERE!

SO, ALI, YOU STOLE MY TWO  
FAVORITE WIVES IN THIS  
OTHER BAG!

DON'T FEEL SAD. YOUR WIFE IS  
GLAD TO HAVE YOU IN HER ARMS-  
SAFE FROM OTHER WOMEN'S  
CHARMS!

YES, BUT MUST I GO  
BACK TO HATEFUL  
PICK AND SHOVEL  
WORK OR WILL YOU  
SUPPORT ME AGAIN  
BY TAKING IN  
WASHING?

THIS QUESTION WILL BRING OTHER TROUBLES  
TO ALI BABA BUT MANY LAUGHS TO YOU IN  
FUTURE ISSUES OF 'SPARKLING STARS'!

The recognized Women's Wrestling Champion  
is thirty-one year old MILDRED BURKE.

# BURKE



The queen of the canvas  
has flattened over 1500 of  
her opponents without  
a loss.

## UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

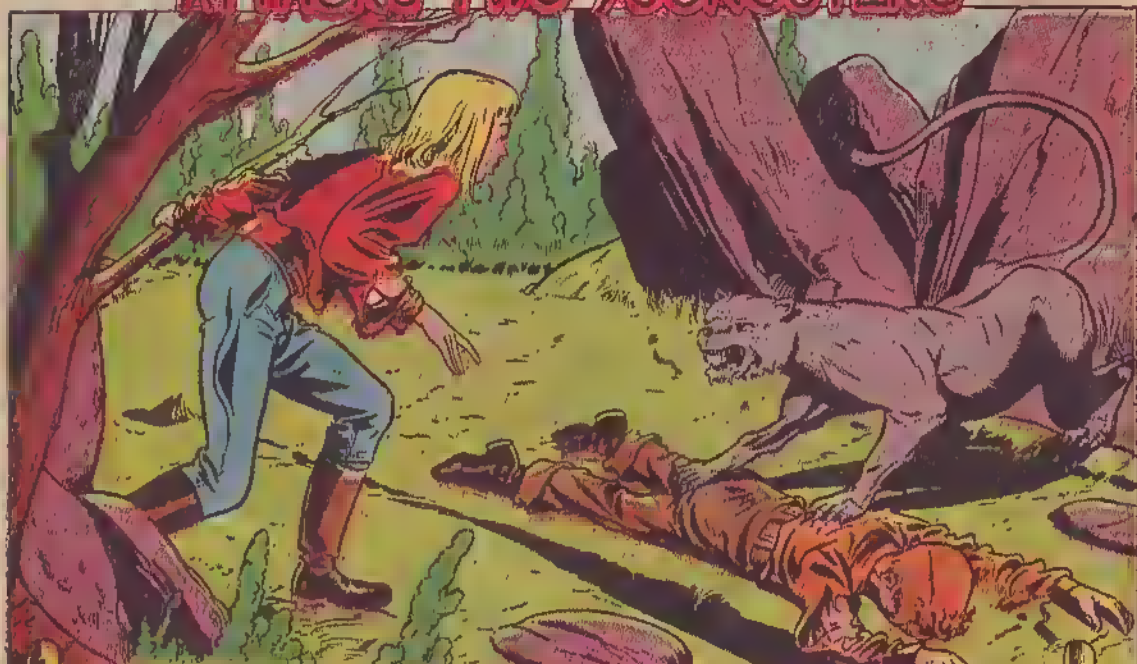
None of Mildred's opponents have been able  
to pin her muscled shoulders to the canvas and  
so, her undefeated record continues to grow.  
Mildred is well-versed in the art of applying  
arm-locks and flying mares and from this corner  
looks like a good bet to go on wearing her  
crown for a long time.



# BATTLE AGAINST DEATH

## COUGAR

### ATTACKS TWO YOUNGSTERS



COURAGEOUSLY PROTECTING EACH OTHER FROM THE SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT OF A FEROCIOUS COUGAR, DOREEN ASHBURTON, II, AND ANTHONY FARRER, 8, OF VAN COUVER ISLAND, B.C. FACED ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH..... FOR THEIR 'HEROISM' THEY WERE AWARDED THE ALBERT MEDAL..... HIGHEST GOVERNMENT AWARD FOR CIVILIAN BRAVERY.

A BRIGHT AUGUST MORNING A COWICHAN LAKE, VANCOUVER....

ANTHONY, GET YOUR BRIDLE, QUICKLY! OUR PONIES GOT OUT OF THE CORRAL!

SURE DOREEN

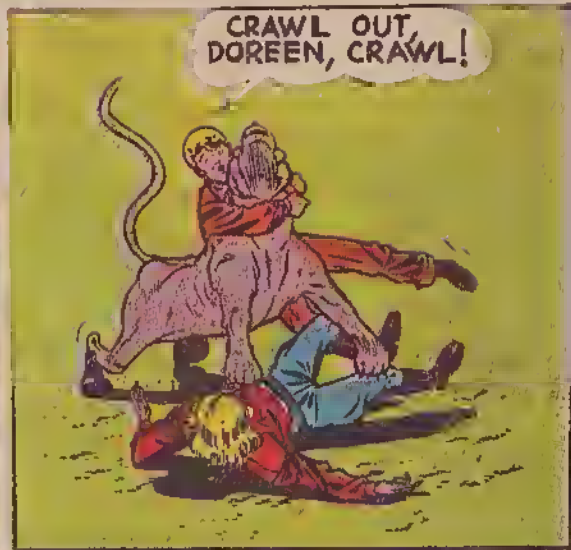
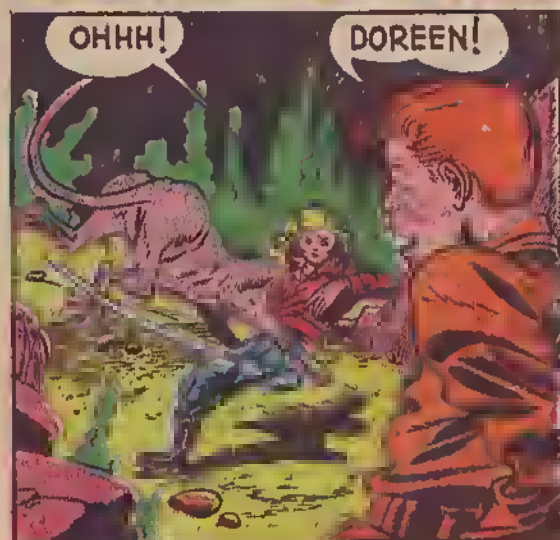


ONLY A HALF MILE FROM HOME, DEADLY PERIL AWAITS THE UNSUSPECTING PAIR....

WHEN WE FIND THE PONIES I'LL RACE YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE!

ALL RIGHT! MY PONY IS MUCH FASTER THAN YOURS!

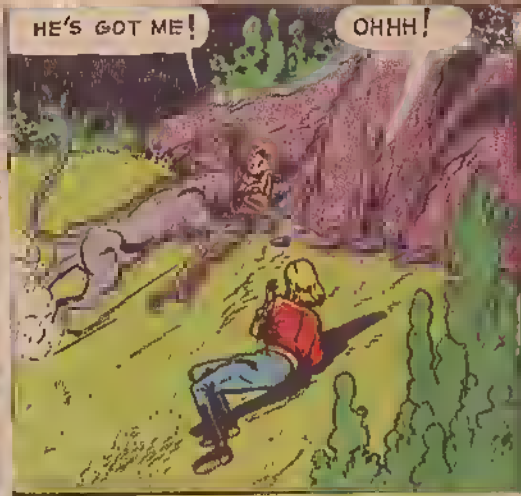








GET AWAY FROM HERE,  
YOU BRUTE! HURRY,  
DOREEN, GET AWAY!

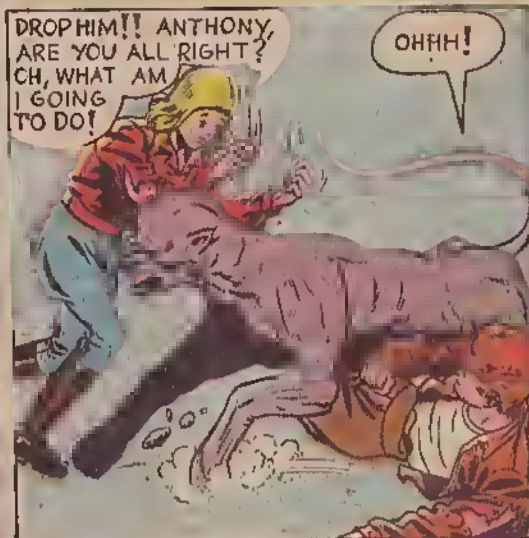


HE'S GOT ME!

OHhh!

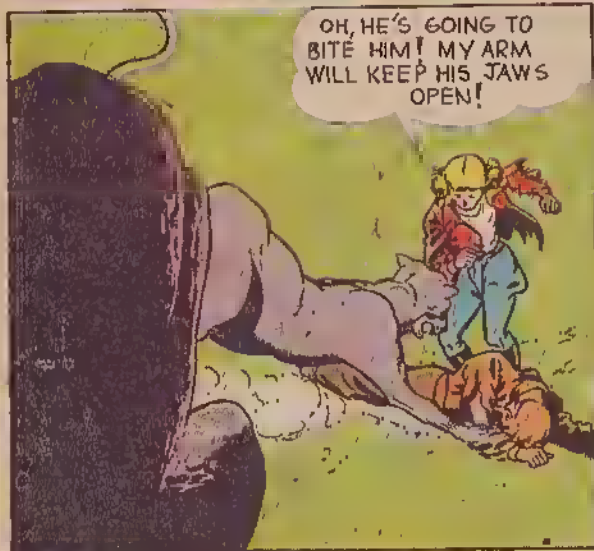


I'M COMING ANTHONY!  
I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM  
OFF SOME HOW!



DROP HIM!! ANTHONY,  
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
CH, WHAT AM  
I GOING  
TO DO!

OHhh!



OH, HE'S GOING TO  
BITE HIM! MY ARM  
WILL KEEP HIS JAWS  
OPEN!



ANTHONY, TRY AND ROLL  
AWAY FROM HIM! TRY!  
TRY!!

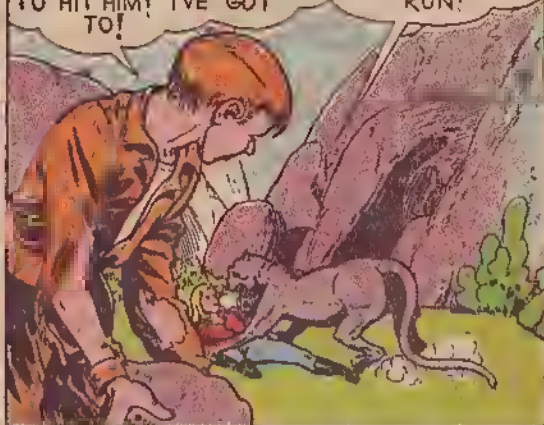
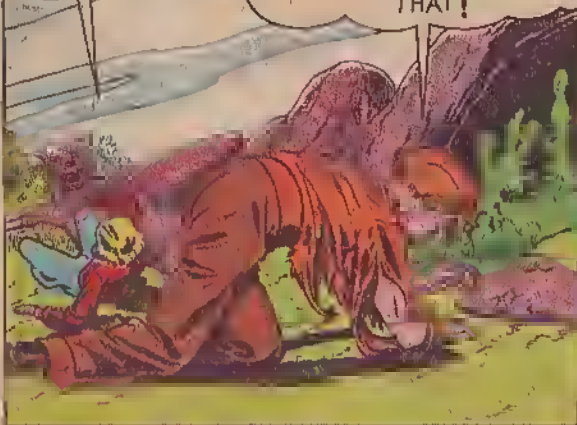
OHhh! I'M  
TRYING!

EEEEEE!!

THAT STONE! MAYBE I CAN  
DRIVE HIM OFF WITH  
THAT!

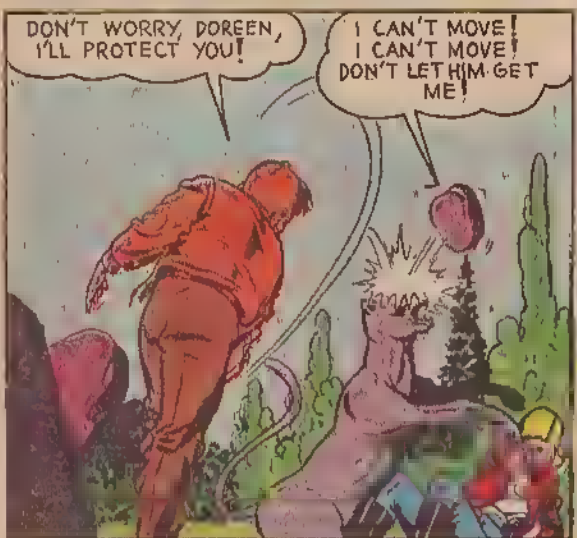
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK,  
WE'RE FINISHED! I'VE GOT  
TO HIT HIM! I'VE GOT  
TO!

HELP! ANTHONY  
HELP! I CAN'T  
RUN!



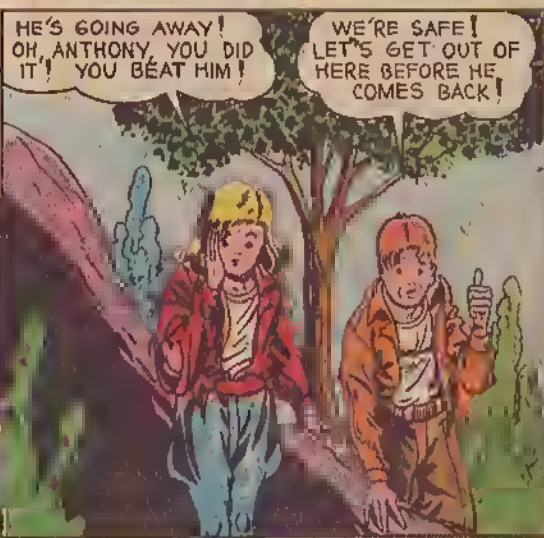
DON'T WORRY, DOREEN,  
I'LL PROTECT YOU!

I CAN'T MOVE!  
I CAN'T MOVE!  
DON'T LET HIM GET  
ME!



HE'S GOING AWAY!  
OH, ANTHONY, YOU DID  
IT! YOU BEAT HIM!

WE'RE SAFE!  
LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE BEFORE HE  
COMES BACK!



THE CHILDREN MANAGED TO REACH HOME...  
THEY WERE NONE THE WORSE FOR THEIR  
HARROWING EXPERIENCE...

THE COUGAR WAS HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED...  
THE STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S BRAVERY SOON  
SPREAD AND THEIR HEROIC DEFENCE OF EACH  
OTHER WAS AWARDED WITH THE 1934 GOVERNMENT  
ALBERT MEDAL, HIGHEST CIVILIAN AWARD...

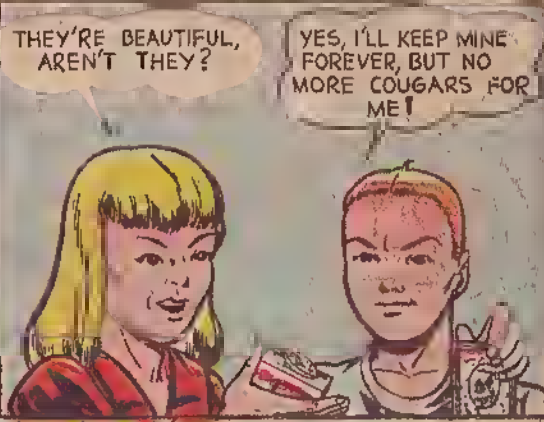
ANTHON! DOREEN!  
WHAT HAPPENED? JIM! JIM!  
COME QUICKLY, THE  
CHILDREN ARE HURT!

WE'RE ALL RIGHT...



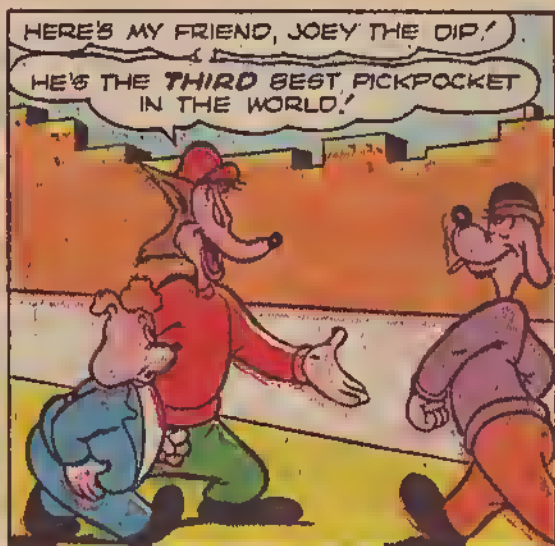
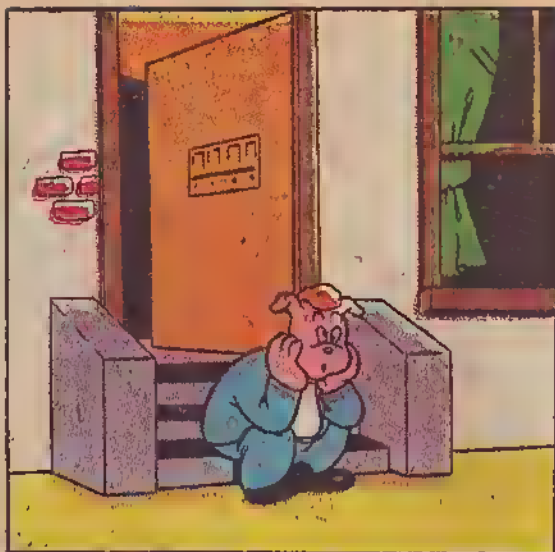
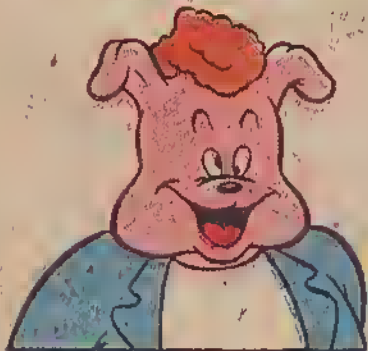
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL,  
AREN'T THEY?

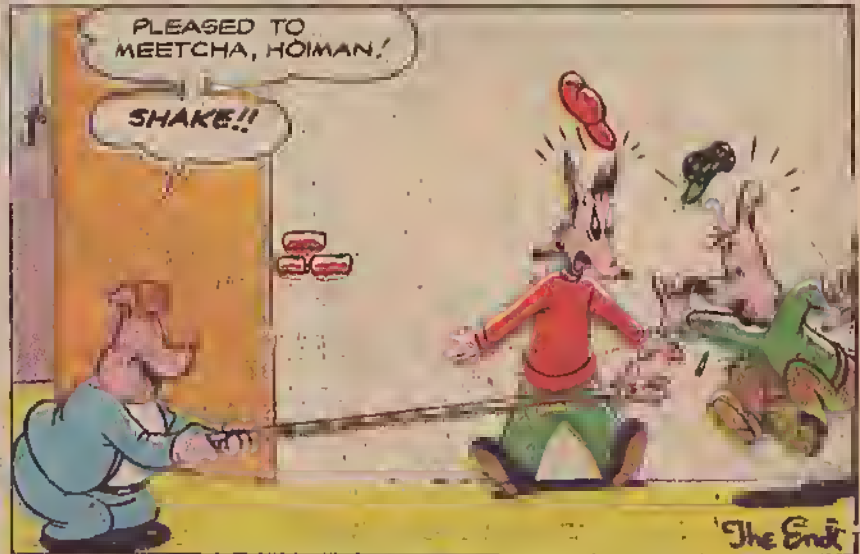
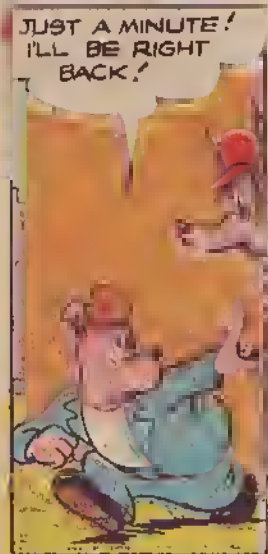
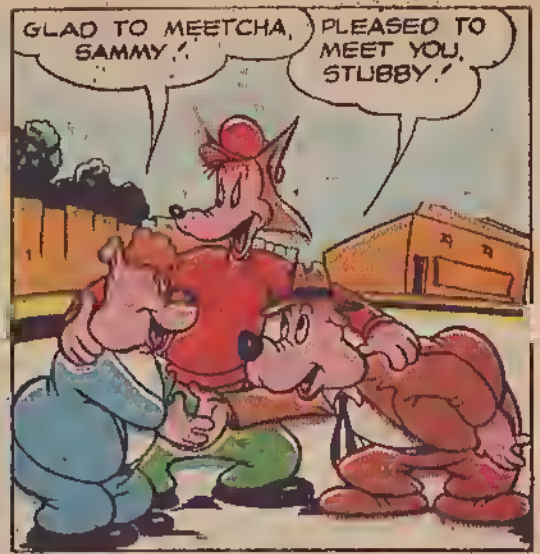
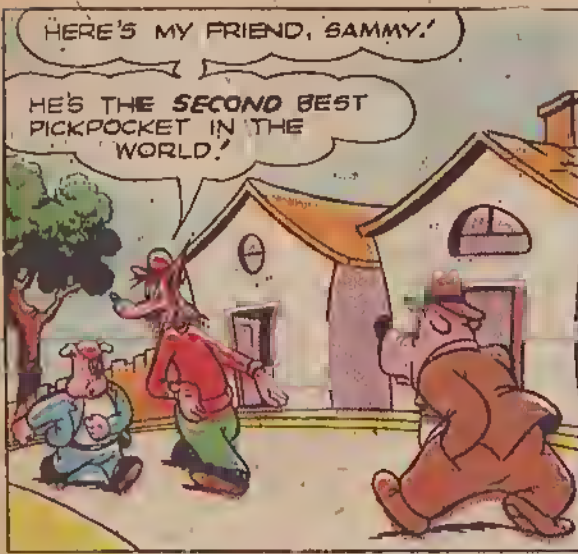
YES, I'LL KEEP MINE  
FOREVER, BUT NO  
MORE COUGARS FOR  
ME!





# STUBBY BUB

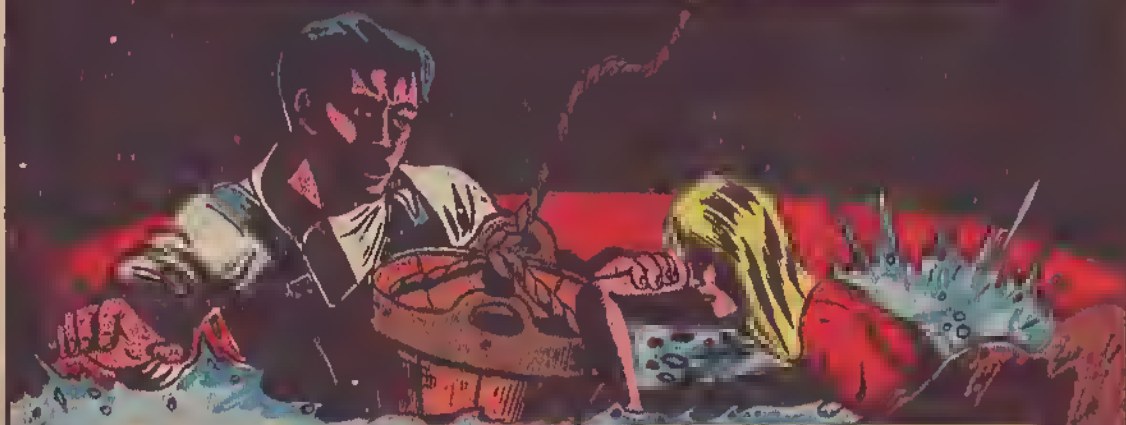




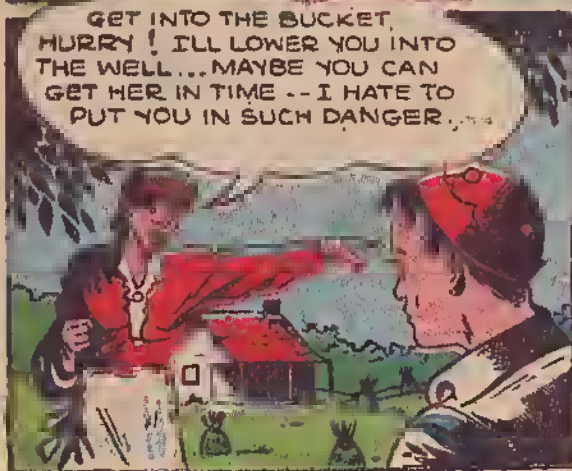
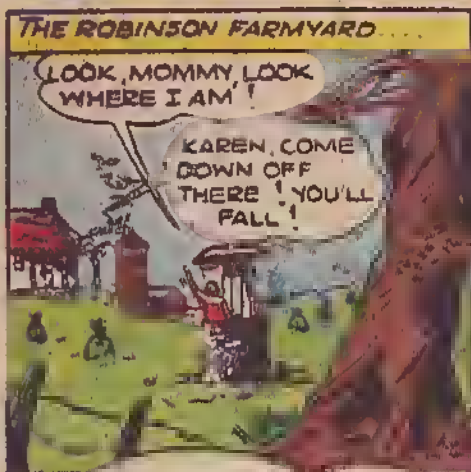


# JUNIOR STAR of the MONTH

## A RESCUE IN A WELL

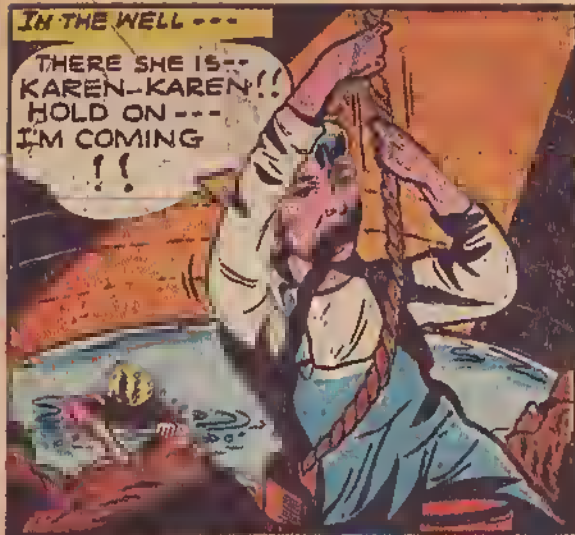


THE EXTRAORDINARY SPUNK AND COURAGE OF 8-YEAR OLD TOM ROBINSON AND MOTHER, OF KINGSTON, NORTH CAROLINA, SAVED HIS SISTER, KAREN, FROM DROWNING IN A WELL.



IN THE WELL ---

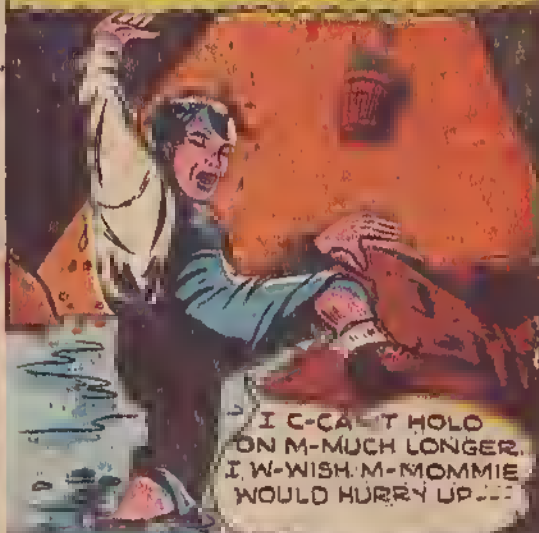
THERE SHE IS--  
KAREN-KAREN!!  
HOLD ON ---  
I'M COMING  
!!



HOLD ON NOW-- MOMMY  
IS GOING TO PULL YOU  
UP --- I'LL HAVE TO  
STAY DOWN HERE IN  
THE WELL ---



AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES ---



I C-CAN'T HOLO  
ON M-MUCH LONGER.  
I W-WISH M-MOMMIE  
WOULD HURRY UP---

OH TOM, THANK  
GOODNESS YOU  
ARE ALL RIGHT !

IS  
K-K-KAREN  
OK-KAY  
??



LATER--

TOM, YOU ARE A  
REAL HERO. IF IT  
WEREN'T FOR YOU,  
KAREN WOULDN'T  
BE HERE NOW !

BUT WITH-  
OUT YOU,  
MOTHER, I  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
KNOWN WHAT  
TO DO.....





# THE RING OF DOOM

"I, Lucretia, vow to leave this cursed place! And he who tries to stop me shall die!"

Pausing to read her feather-penned words on the parchment, the girl looked thoughtfully at the frescoes on her wall. To a passing stranger, she might have appeared young and sweetly innocent, bent perhaps, upon penning some love missive to her hero. Young she was... in her teens... but sweetly innocent? Never! She was Lucretia, daughter of the family Borgia, whose evil fame had already spread far beyond their native city, Rome.

There was a sudden movement at the door; a heavy boot kicked at a panel. Instantly, Lucretia thrust her parchment into a table drawer.

"My brother!" she thought in half panic, "He comes again to press my betrothal to some weak-minded man of our father's choosing. I must not let him guess that I plan to flee!"

By the time Cesare Borgia was in the chamber, Lucretia was well composed. "Ah, Cesare, my beloved brother!" she welcomed him mockingly. "Others may cringe at your step, but in future, you will rap on my door to announce yourself before you enter!"

If Cesare Borgia were at all capable of feeling, he must have suffered embarrassment at his sister's mockery. A willful tyrant, handsome, arrogant, he was nonetheless ill at ease before his sharp-tongued sister.

"Lucretia," he began, when he had collected his words, "our esteemed father wills that I again inform you of matters concerning your immediate and most happy future..."

"My immediate betrothal, you mean, Cesare! Be truthful! My happy deliverance from this accursed prison of a palace to another!"

Cesare fingered a pearl on his vest, continuing blandly, ignoring Lucretia's bitter outburst.

"You are of an age to marry," he said, "and naturally, as a Borgia, you are very valuable to our... ah... family plans."

"I see," snapped Lucretia. "My first marriage did not please you! My husband did not pay enough in

gold or power for my hand!"

"We prefer to forget your first... er... unfortunate alliance with that fool Sforza of Pesaro! Your next husband..."

"Do continue!" interrupted Lucretia, "before I perish of boredom! Who is the man lucky enough to marry me... and the whole Borgia family put together? Do you not know by this time that I will have freedom if I must kill for it?"

Almost tenderly Cesare stroked Lucretia's hair.

"Small sister," he smiled, "bitterness does not become you. Your noble birth means privilege... and sacrifice. You have no choice in marriage; you must take the man who does our cause most good. We plan your betrothal to Alfonso of Aragon, nephew of the King of Naples."

"A stuttering fool!" Lucretia strode angrily about the room, her trailing skirts brushing angry sparks into the thick rug. "Go, Cesare! Leave me alone to think! Tell our father that so long as I am his daughter, I will think as independently as he does!"

A short time later, as dusk was mantling the roofs of Rome, a group of three passed through a side gate of Borgia Palace. One, a husky bodyguard, was armed with knife and sword, shield and pike. With him bustled a small, stout woman, swathed in dark silk. Between them walked a slim figure, also wrapped to her eyes in silks. No disguise, however, could mask the features of Lucretia Borgia.

"I-I do not like this..." muttered the older woman to the bodyguard. "His Eminence will cast us out for allowing Donna Lucretia out upon the streets of Rome!"

"Let the girl have some pleasure!" the bodyguard replied. "She has little enough in that family of hers!"

Lucretia smiled in her hood. A fistful of gold does wonders, she thought.

For a distance, they walked, apparently unobserved. Then, sudden notice was taken of the richness of their dress, for, simple as their disguises were, the women's robes were gemlike, when compared to the rags of the Roman vagrants. Suddenly,

## THE RING OF DOOM

street urchins descended upon them, begging for coins. Old hags feigned even greater age, to bargain for pity; their empty jaws and claw-like hands made Lucretia shudder. But for all the horrors of the streets, she enjoyed her temporary liberty.

As they entered a street of Bazaars, where small shops vied with one another for garish display, and screeching vendors almost deafened one, a sudden outthrust arm jerked Lucretia off her feet. A greedy hand went for her throat, where a strand of pearls gleamed against her skin.

"Down, beggar!" shouted the bodyguard, "back, to give me room enough to thrust my pike through you! Do you know the name of our lady you so rudely handle?"

"Hush, fool!" Lucretia's woman companion almost got in the way of the guard's weapon. "Above all, do not reveal our Mistress' name!"

It made very little matter, for now a street fight was beginning, as other unfortunates came to the aid of the greedy one. While the bodyguard was occupied in self-defense, and the matron beseeched him to stop, their mutual charge, Lucretia fled from them...down the cobbled street, up a flight of narrow stairs, behind the water fountain, and then, panting for breath, into a dismal hole by the side of a donkey stable. She was wild with her freedom; fascinated by the sights, and she had now no intention of returning to the confines of her wealth....

"Oh!" she started in panic, for upon her came a skinny shadow, as an old man emerged from the depths of this street cavern.

"Beauty...ah, beauty!" the man mumbled. "An artist prays that once his eyes will see true beauty....I am an artist!"

As though in gratitude for her presence in his sad hole, he led her back further, to where a candle flickered on a crude table. There she gasped, to see the display of ornate trinkets. There were delicate silver chains, lockets, rings...most of all, she coveted the rings.

The silversmith looked slyly at

her. "You like that ring?" he asked. "See here, I open it, and now it is a small box!"

Lucretia's mind was working quickly. The things she could put in that small box...where none would dream of looking!

"How much do you want for it, old one?" she asked.

"The pearls about your throat," he answered instantly.

"My brother Cesare gave them to me. He will be angry...but..." she tore the necklace from her throat, "Here! Now give me the ring!"

By the time she arrived home, there was great hubbub on the streets of Rome, for the bodyguard had battled his way back to the Borgias, and had announced that the young Donna had been snatched. Searching parties were scouring the city, and even Cesare was ranting and raging.

Thus, after this scare, Lucretia was well-received upon her return.

"Sister," said Cesare, as they left the dinner table. "Your future husband will arrive tonight, and I wish you to receive him cordially."

"Oh, I will, Brother! I will!" Unfortunately Cesare had not the vision or imagination to be suspicious of her new docility.

Alfonso did come. He might have pleased some other girl...but not Lucretia. She was even sorry that what would have to be would have to be....

"You may kiss my hand, if you like," she said. "Alfonso was suddenly flustered and embarrassed. He took the offered hand, bent down so that his lips might reach...and then....

"What an unusual ring you wear, Donna Lucretia!" he exclaimed. "It is indeed lovely!"

"Yes, isn't it?" Lucretia answered with her voice.

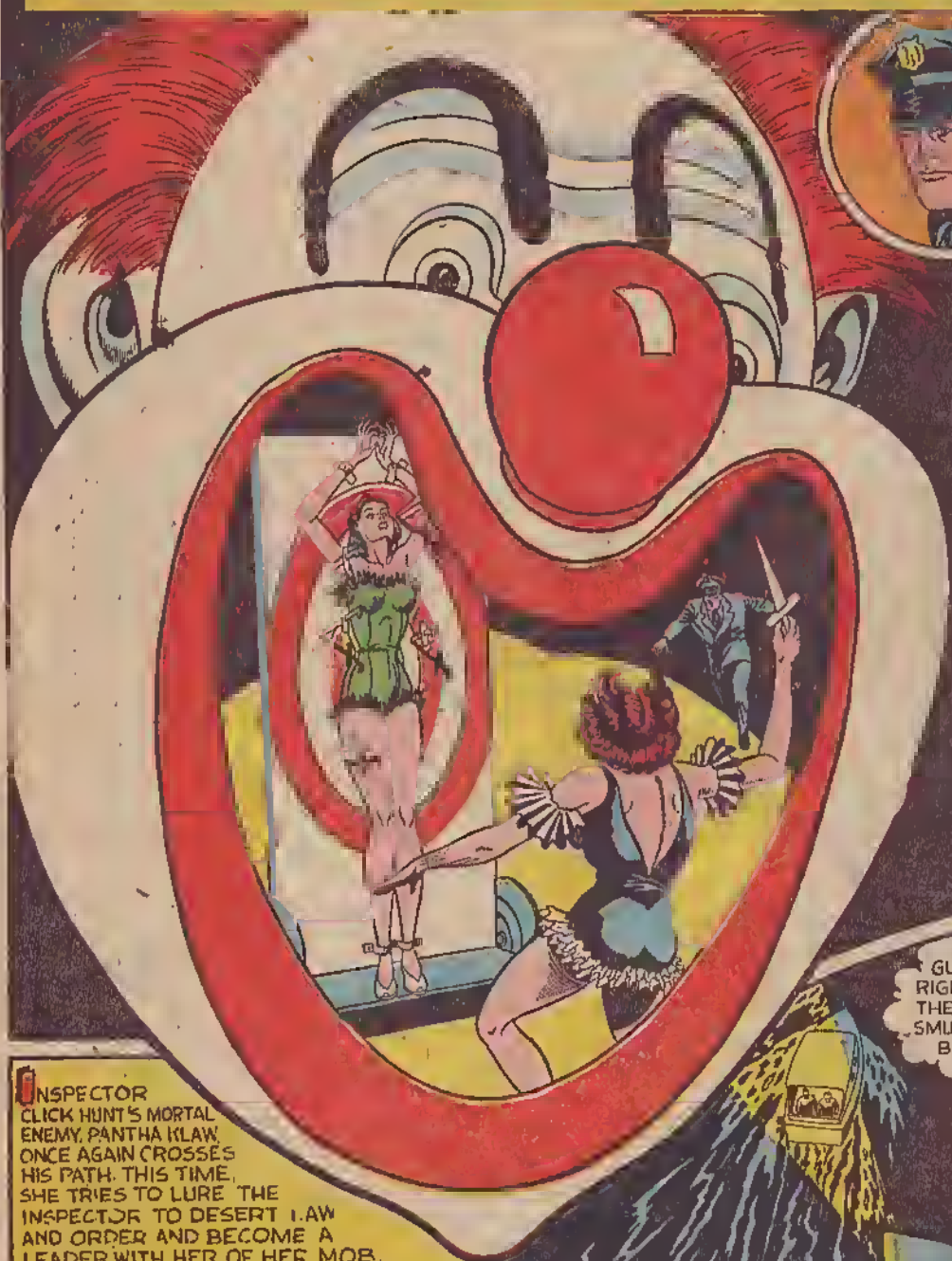
But her heart said "Fool! In this ring lies your doom! Yes, I will marry you as my brother insists...but the poison in my ring will make me free again!!!"

THE END



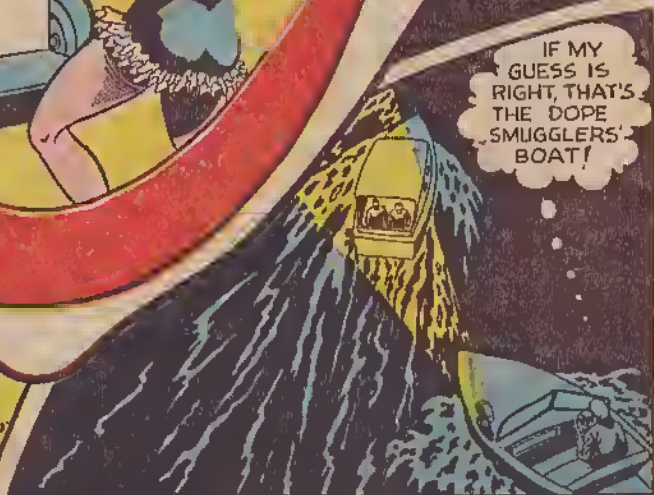
**INSPECTOR**

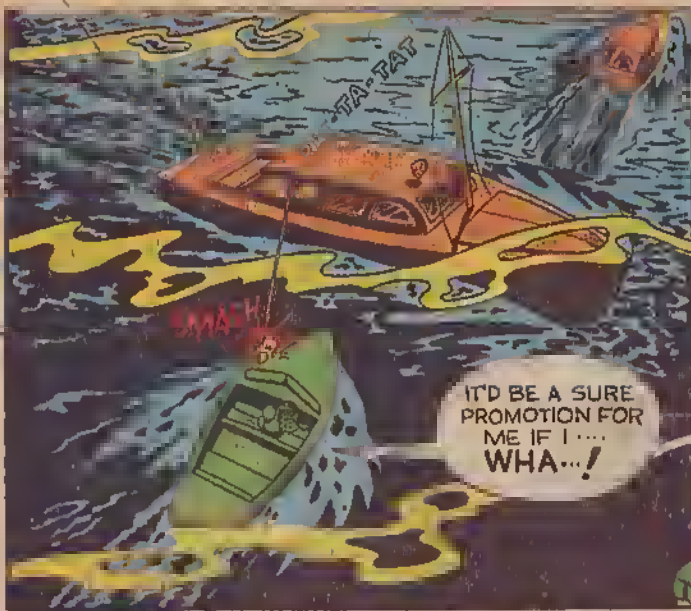
# CLICK HUNT



IF MY  
GUESS IS  
RIGHT, THAT'S  
THE DOPE  
SMUGGLERS'  
BOAT!

**I**NSPECTOR  
CLICK HUNT'S MORTAL  
ENEMY, PANTHA KLAU,  
ONCE AGAIN CROSSES  
HIS PATH. THIS TIME,  
SHE TRIES TO LURE THE  
INSPECTOR TO DESERT LAW  
AND ORDER AND BECOME A  
LEADER WITH HER OF HER MOB.  
DEATH TO ARIZONA LEE, CLICK HUNT'S  
SWEETHEART, IS PANTHA'S DRIVING URGE,  
SO THAT SHE MAY WIN CLICK HUNT  
AS HER LOVER OR BREAK HIS MORALE.





IT'D BE A SURE  
PROMOTION FOR  
ME IF I ....  
**WHA...!**

**CLICK VISITS ARIZONA LEE A  
SHORT WHILE LATER ....**

OH, CLICK,  
DARLING,  
YOU COULD  
HAVE  
BEEN  
KILLED!

I WAS RIGHT ON THE  
SMUGGLERS' TAIL, WHEN,  
WHAT LOOKED LIKE  
A POLICE BOAT, CAME  
OUT OF NOWHERE  
AND SHOT MY SPOT-  
LIGHT OUT. I LOST  
THEM IN THE DARK.  
I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE  
TO SEE IF THERE'S A  
TIEUP BETWEEN THEM  
AND THE POLICE DEPART-  
MENT!



**AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS .....**

LISTEN, INSPECTOR, YOU'VE  
BEEN WORKING ON THESE  
SMUGGLERS LONG ENOUGH!  
WHY NO RESULTS?

I'LL GET THEM,  
CHIEF, AND WHEN  
I DO, THERE'LL BE  
MORE THAN SMUG-  
GLERS IN THE  
ROUND UP!



WHO IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT  
COULD HAVE TIPPED OFF THE  
SMUGGLERS THAT I WAS GOING  
AFTER THEM?



GET HIM NOW!  
THE BOSS  
WANTS HIM!



IT'S ABOUT TIME SHE'S  
BEEN GETTING MADDER  
EVERY MINUTE!

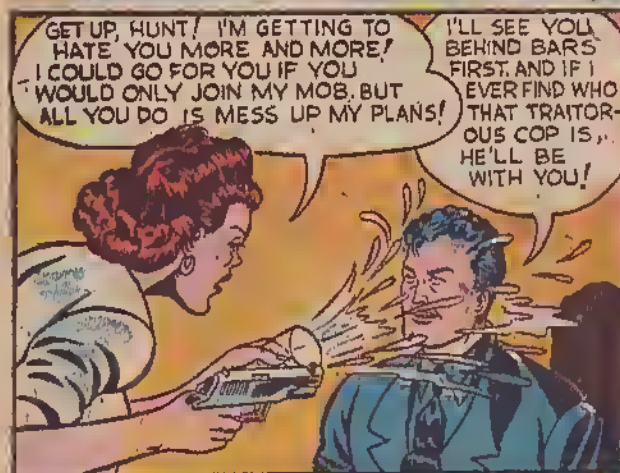
HERE'S THE  
PACKAGE THE  
BOSS WANTED  
DELIVERED!







CLICK REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN TIME TO SEE.....



MISS LEE, YOU CAN THANK  
CLICK HUNT FOR A GLORIOUS  
END TO YOUR LIFE. WE'RE  
VISITING MY CIRCUS WHICH  
IS A LITTLE ENTERPRISE OF  
MINE I USE FOR HIDING  
MY LOOT.

YEAH, WE'RE  
GONNA  
FINISH YOU  
OFF IN  
REAL  
CIRCUS  
STYLE!



"KNUCKLES" RETURNS IN A FEW MINUTES.

THE KNIFE THROWING  
ACT GOES ON IN A  
FEW MINUTES, BOSS.

GOOD! TIE THE  
PERFORMERS UP  
AND LET ME KNOW  
WHEN THE COAST  
IS CLEAR.



SORRY FOLKS, WE'RE  
TAKING THIS ACT  
OVER



YOU GUYS STAND GUARD  
OUTSIDE WHILE I AND  
MISS LEE DO THE COS-  
TUMES FOR OUR ACT



"KNUCKLES," FIND OUT  
WHICH ACT GOES ON  
NEXT, NONE OF THE  
PERFORMERS KNOW  
• THAT I OWN THIS SET-  
UP, SO DON'T LET  
ANYONE GET WISE.

OKAY,  
BOSS.





ONCE YOU'RE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL HAVE HUNT TO MYSELF. HE'LL JOIN MY MOB BECAUSE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST MY CHARMS AND WEALTH!

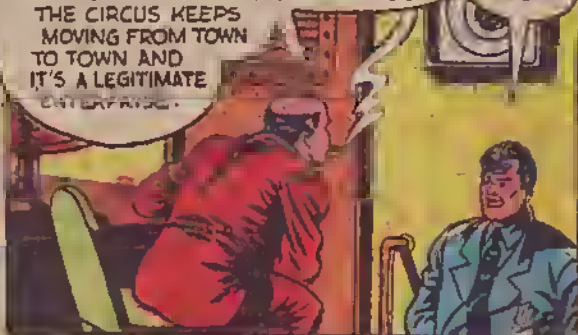
SHE'S ALL TIED, BOSS. SHALL I WHEEL HER INTO THE ARENA?



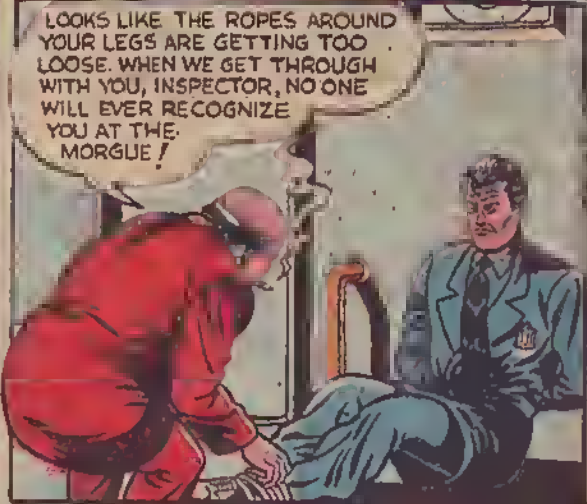
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SMUGGLERS' YACHT WHERE CLICK IS A PRISONER ....

Y'SEE, COPPER, THIS CIRCUS THE BOSS OWNS; REALLY IS A COVER-UP FOR OUR LOOT. NONE OF THE COPS WILL EVER FIND OUR DOUGH AND GUNS 'CAUSE THE CIRCUS KEEPS MOVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN AND IT'S A LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISE.

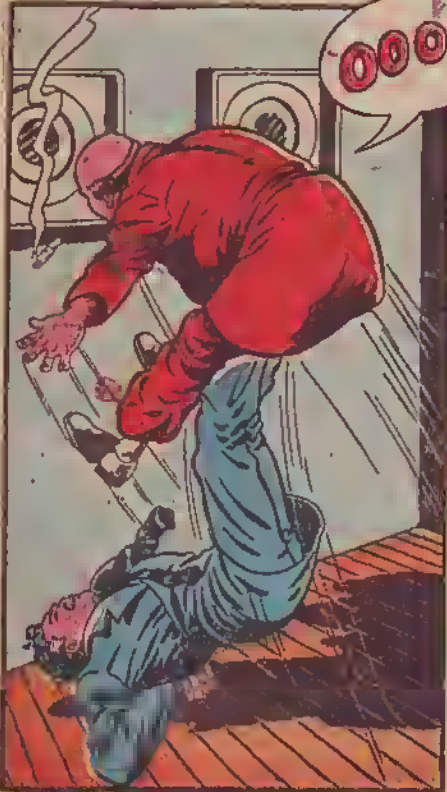
PRETTY SHREWD.



LOOKS LIKE THE ROPES AROUND YOUR LEGS ARE GETTING TOO LOOSE. WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU, INSPECTOR, NO ONE WILL EVER RECOGNIZE YOU AT THE MORGUE!



OOOF!



GOOD THING THAT MUG SMOKES CIGARS. MY WRISTS WILL BE BLISTERED, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY.



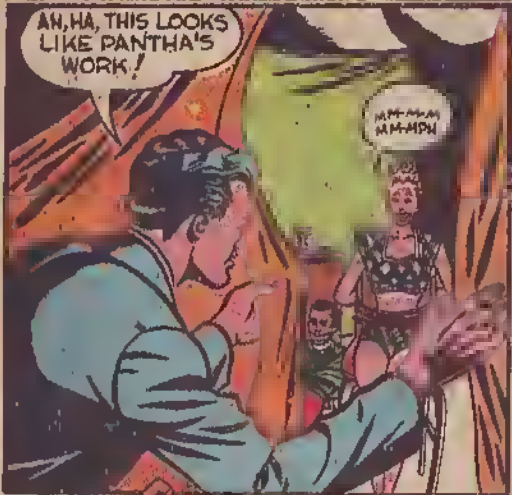
AFTER CLICK FREES HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS .....

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET ASHORE. I'LL HAVE TO ROW LIKE BLAZES IF I'M TO SAVE ARIZONA!





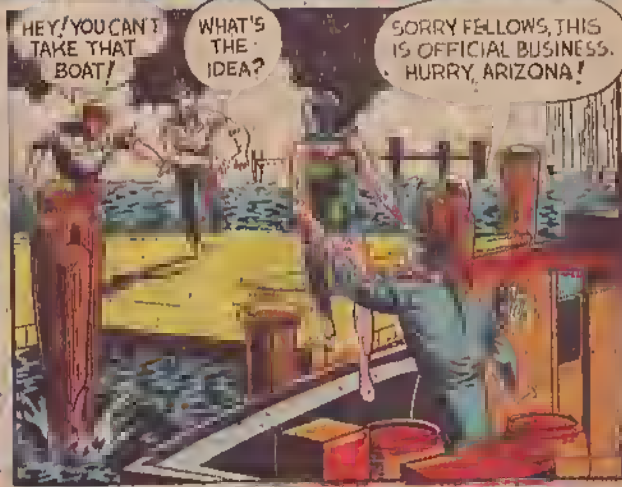
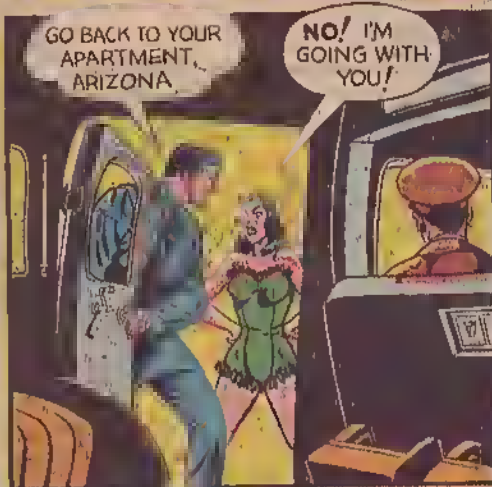
CLICK ARRIVES AND IN HIS SEARCH FOR ARIZONA, HE FINDS .....



CLICK FREES THE COUPLE









THERE  
IT IS!

CLICK! THE  
BOAT IS  
MOVING.  
THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY!

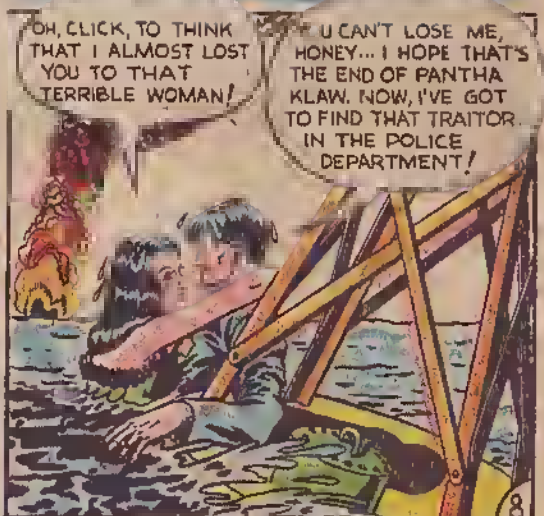


IT'S HUNT AND HIS  
GIRL! LET 'EM  
HAVE IT!



CLICK THEY'RE  
FIRING AT  
US...

I'M AIMING THIS LAUNCH AT  
THE BOAT AND OPENING THE  
THROTTLE WIDE. GET READY  
TO JUMP!



OH, CLICK, TO THINK  
THAT I ALMOST LOST  
YOU TO THAT  
TERRIBLE WOMAN!

YOU CAN'T LOSE ME,  
HONEY... I HOPE THAT'S  
THE END OF PANTHA  
KLAW. NOW, I'VE GOT  
TO FIND THAT TRAITOR  
IN THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT!



PAULINE BETZ, the 27-year old Los Angeles star, rules as the present queen of the tennis courts.

Pauline held the National Women's Singles Tennis crown for 3 consecutive years before losing the title to Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke.

Once again in possession of the coveted crown, Pauline is now considering joining the ranks of the pros.



**PAULINE  
BETZ**

**UNUSUAL  
SPORTS  
STARS**

GERTRUDE MORAN, also from California, is a girl with a whole lot of tennis ability and promise according to West Coast experts.

Miss Moran, after winning quite a few local tournaments, is considered a serious threat for some future National Women's Singles crown.

**GERTRUDE  
MORAN**



# UNCLE BUNKLE

IT WAS THE  
TOUGHEST SPOT  
YOUR OLD UNCLE  
BUNKLE HAD  
EVER BEEN IN!



JOIN WINKY AND GULLY  
AS THEY LISTEN TO THEIR  
UNCLE BUNKLE SPIN  
ONE OF HIS HAIR-RAISING  
YARNS OF HIS YOUNGER  
YEARS.

WE GUARANTEE ACTION,  
FAST AND FURIOUS, WHEN  
BUNKLE'S FABULOUS TALES  
START TO UNFOLD.

WHAT WOULD A CIRCUS PARADE BE WITH-  
OUT UNCLE BUNKLE IN IT SOMEWHERE?

LOOK, WINKY, UNCLE  
BUNKLE'S LEADING A  
PARADE OF INDIANS!



GOSH, UNK, YOU'RE  
A BIG SHOT  
INDIAN LEADER.  
AREN'T YOU?

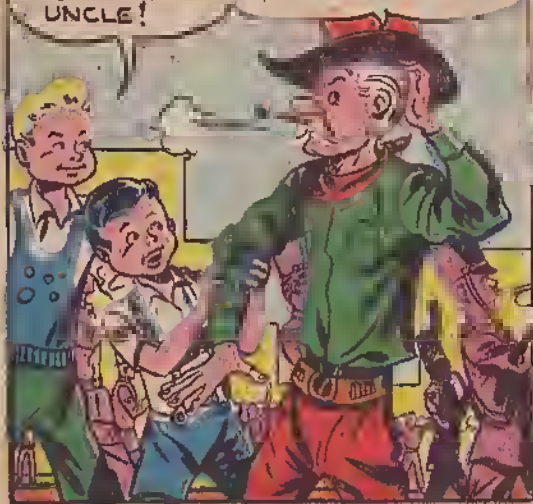
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
SEEN THE HOWLING  
SAVAGES I WAS UP  
AGAINST BACK IN  
1867!





PLEASE TELL US  
ABOUT IT,  
UNCLE!

YOU TALKED ME  
INTO IT. LET'S SEE...



...I WAS HEAD SCOUT FOR A COVERED WAGON  
TRAIN THAT WAS HEADING FOR FORT HOPELY  
IN THE WILD WEST...

WE'RE JUST ABOUT  
HEADING INTO INDIAN  
COUNTRY, BUNKLE.

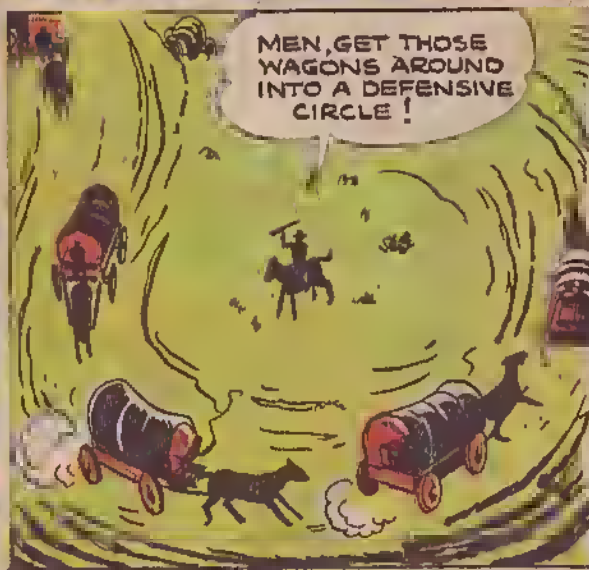
YEP, KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
PEELED,  
RAWBONE!



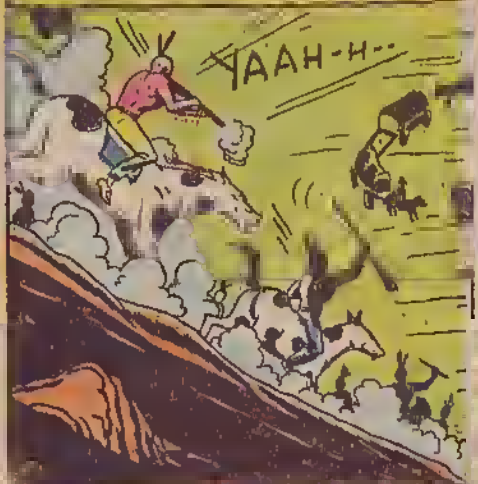
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL,  
LOOK! A BUTCHER-  
ING BAND OF THE  
ATHLETE FEET  
TRIBE OVER  
YONDER!



MEN, GET THOSE  
WAGONS AROUND  
INTO A DEFENSIVE  
CIRCLE!



NO SECONDS LATER, THE SAVAGE  
SIEGE WAS UNDER WAY....



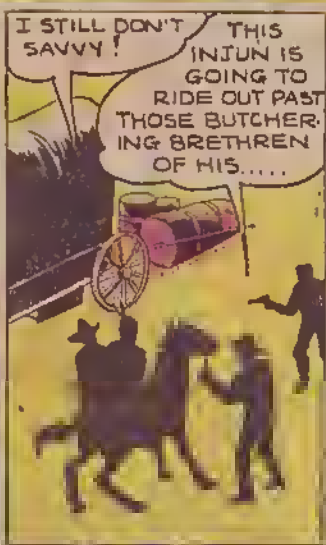
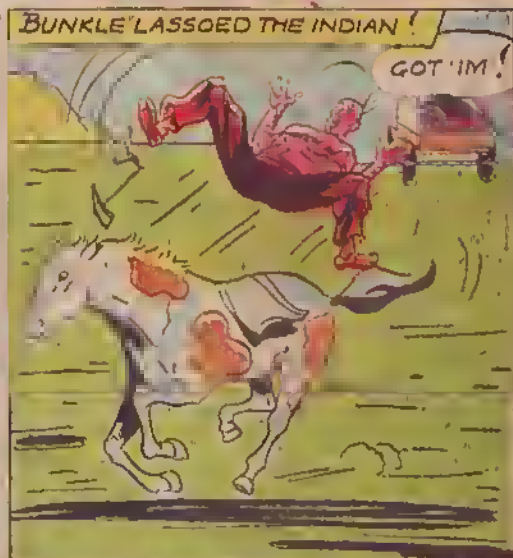
WE'RE OUT-  
NUMBERED  
AND LICKED

I, BUSTE  
BUNKLE,  
AM NEV-  
ER LICKED!  
MEN, MAKE  
EVERY SHOT  
COUNT!

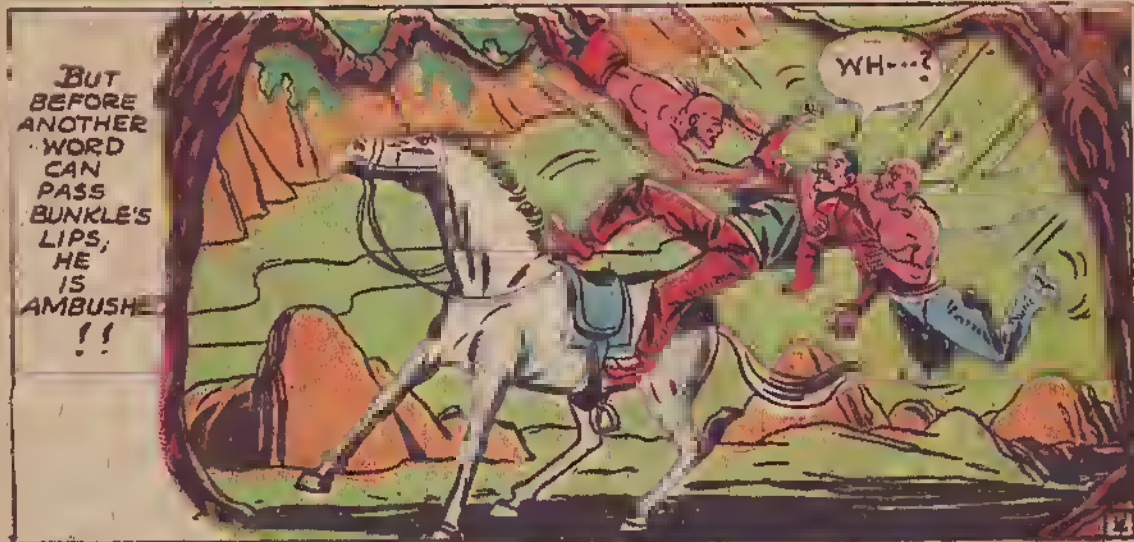
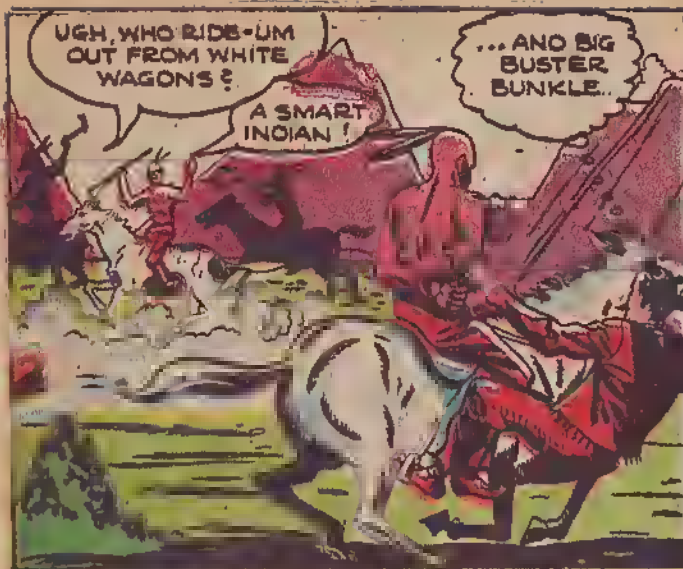


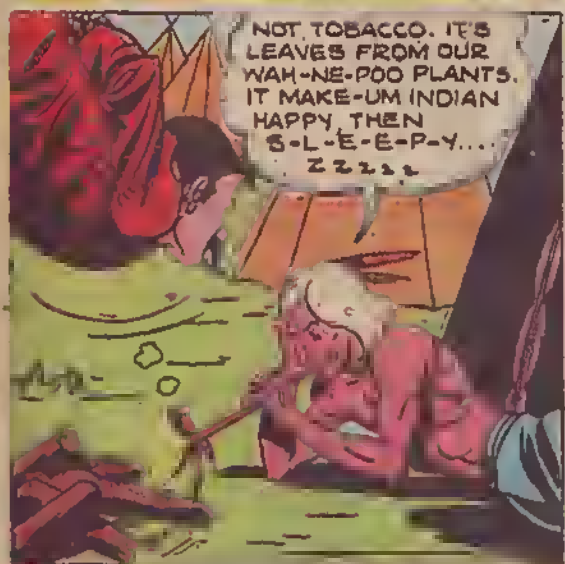
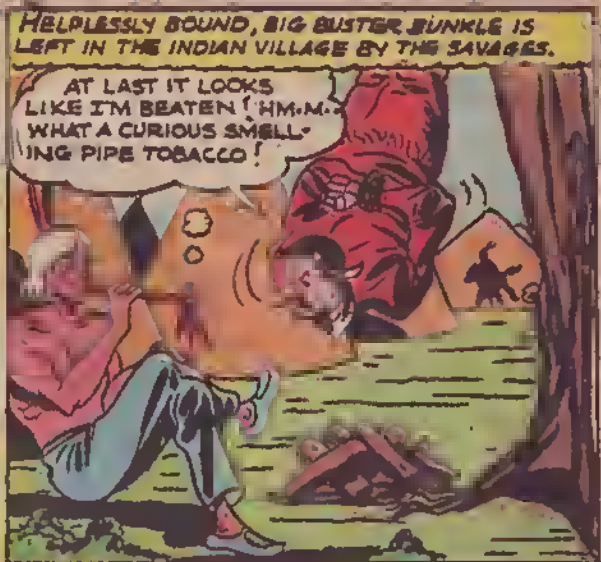
WATCH  
THIS  
SHOT!



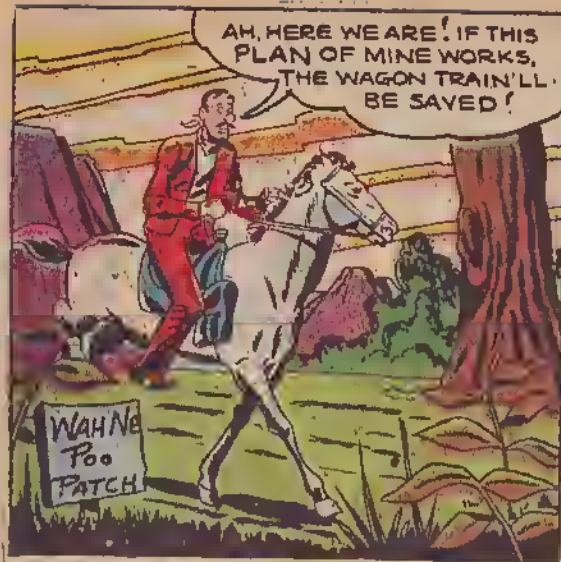








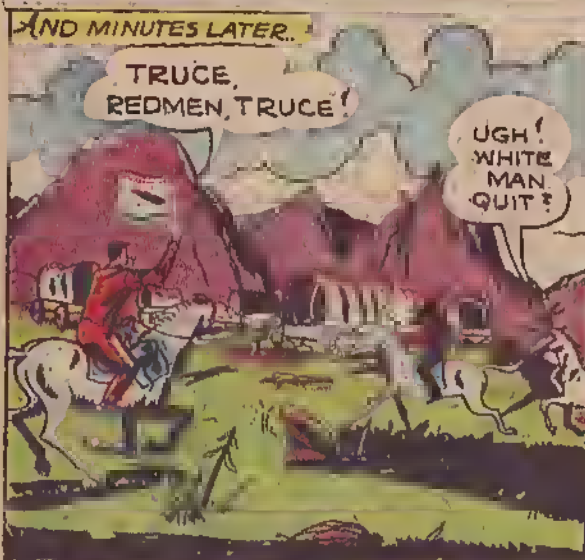




AH, HERE WE ARE! IF THIS PLAN OF MINE WORKS, THE WAGON TRAIN'LL BE SAVED!

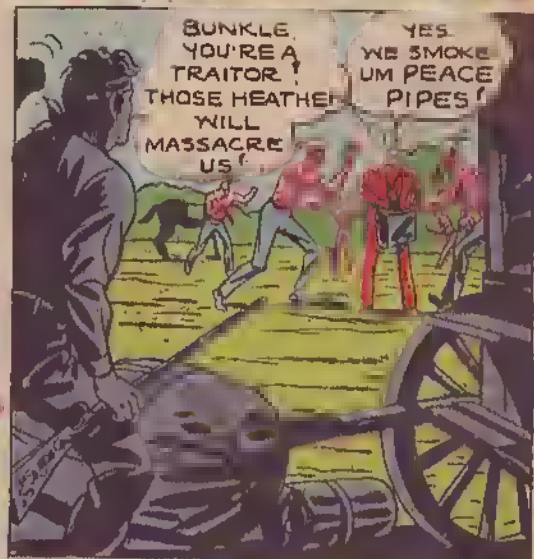


I ONLY HOPE MY COMRADES HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HOLD OUT AGAINST THE SAVAGES.



TRUCE, REDMEN, TRUCE!

UGH! WHITE MAN QUIT?



BUNKLE, YOU'RE A TRAITOR! THOSE HEATHEN WILL MASSACRE US!

YES, WE SMOKE UM PEACE PIPES!



HERE YOU ARE, BRAVES. THE "TOBACCO" IS ON ME!

YOU, OKAY, PALE FACE! WE GET FREE SMOKE, SO WE WON'T KILL YOU THIS TIME!



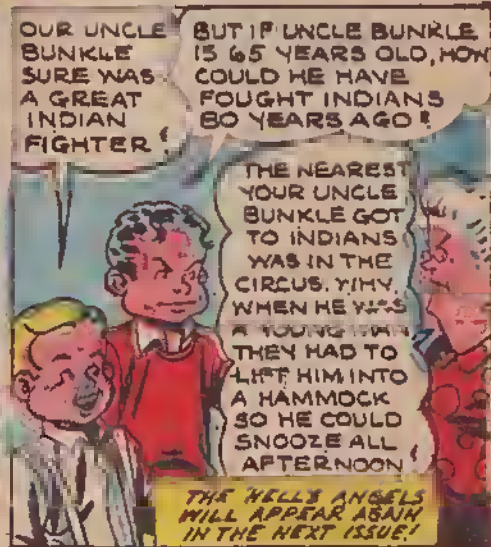
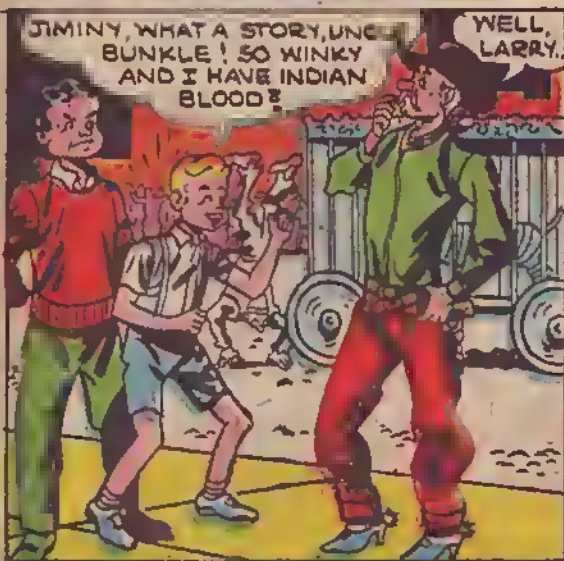
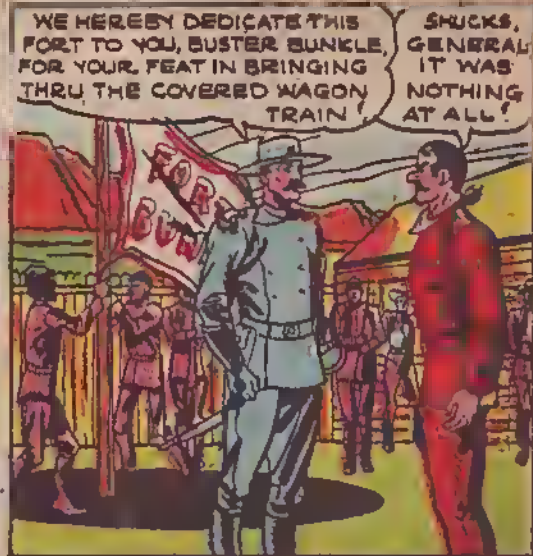
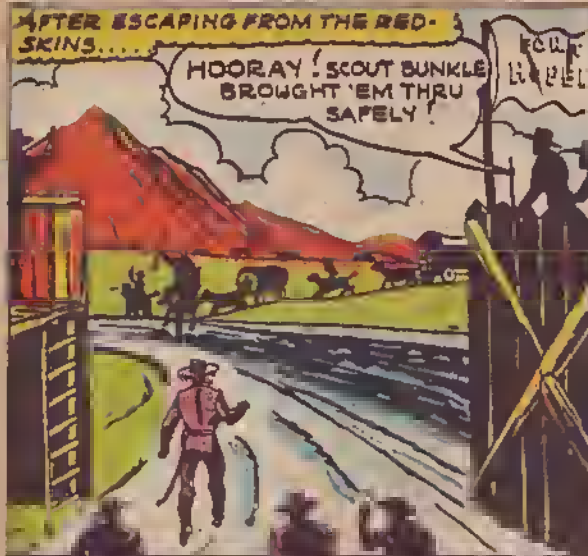
ME GETTUM TIRED

WE GOT 'EM!

ME KETCH-UM NAP, FIGHT LATER!



AS A RESULT OF BUNKLE'S CLEVER SCHEME, THE INDIANS FELL ASLEEP!





## UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS.

# BILL DURNAN

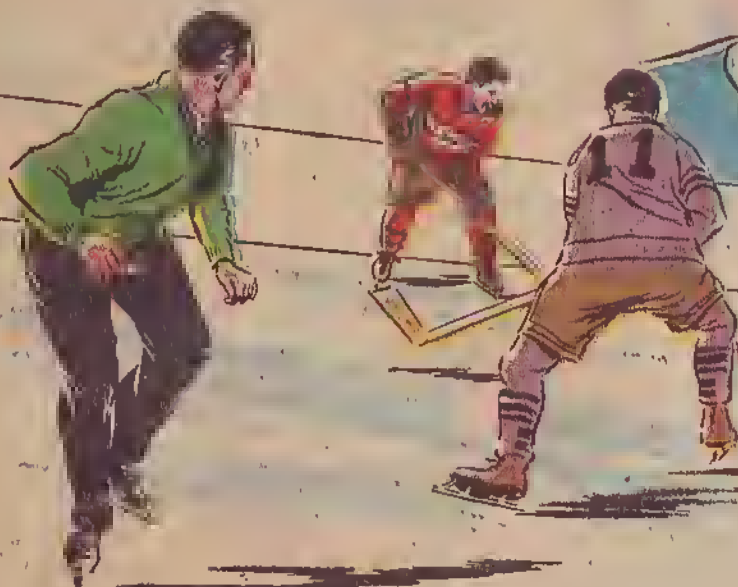
The Georges Vezina Trophy, awarded to the goalie who allows the least number of goals to be scored against him, went in 1947, to Bill Durnan for the 4th straight year.

The net-minder for Montreal allowed only 138 goals to go by him in 60 games for an average of 2.30.

Durnan is the first goalie to walk off with the trophy 4 consecutive seasons. Chuck Rayner of the Rangers, however, turned in 5 shut-outs to lead there.



# GUS MORTSON



The bad boy of the National Hockey League -

GUS MORTSON of Toronto who spent 133 minutes of skating time sitting in the penalty box, the equivalent of more than 2 complete games.

# JUNGOL

HELP!  
JUNGOL!  
THEY'RE  
BURYING  
ME!

MUST GLORIA DEAN'S STRUGGLES TO SAVE JUNGOL FROM THE LATENT SAVAGERY IN HIS SOUL LEAD TO THE SACRIFICIAL ALTER OF A JUNGLE PRINCESS?

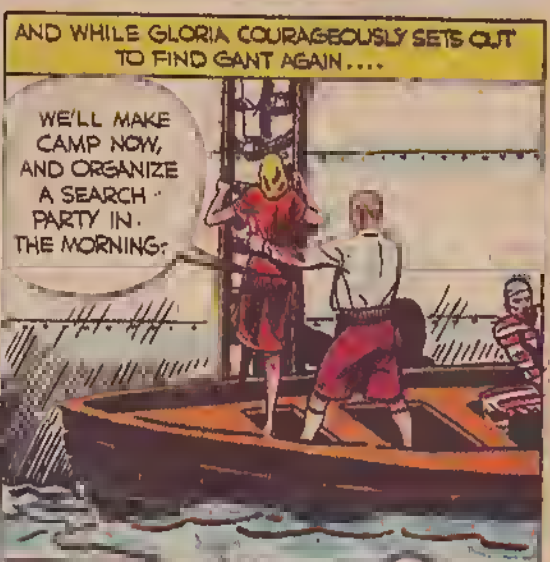
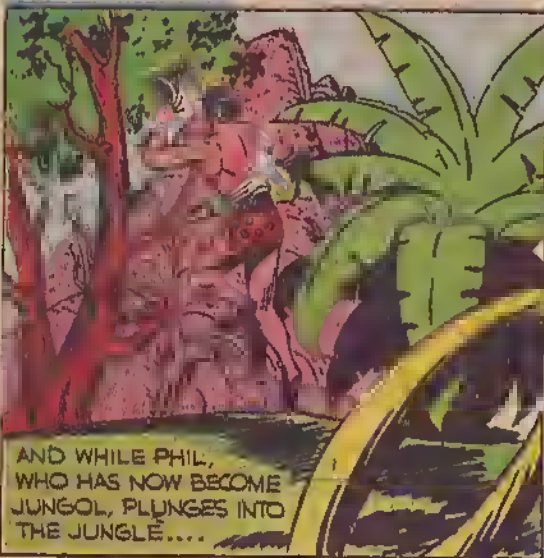
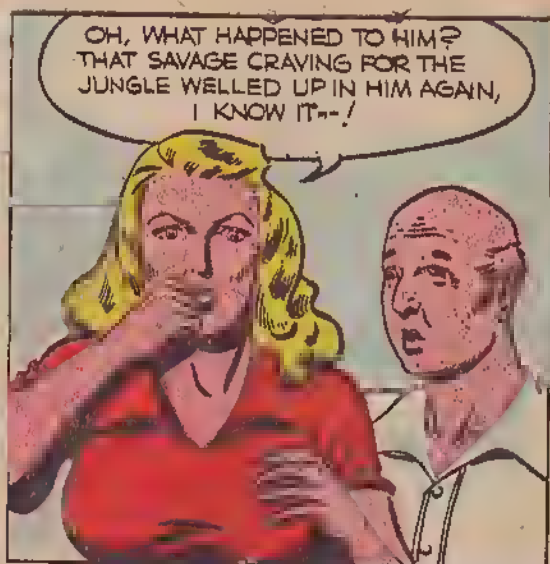
FOR WHEN PHIL GANT, THE WORLD FAMOUS STAR OF THE "JUNGOL" MOVIES, TRAVELLED TO THE JUNGLE TO FILM A NEW PICTURE, HE LITTLE DREAMT THAT FATE MIGHT CHANGE HIM INTO A REAL-LIFE JUNGOL!

AND WHEN HIS LOVELY FIANCÉE, GLORIA DEAN, SAW PHIL BECOME A SUPER-HUMAN BRUTE AFTER A BLOODY FIGHT WITH A GORILLA, SHE LITTLE SUSPECTED WHAT

THE HORROR SHE'D FIND FOR GOOD!

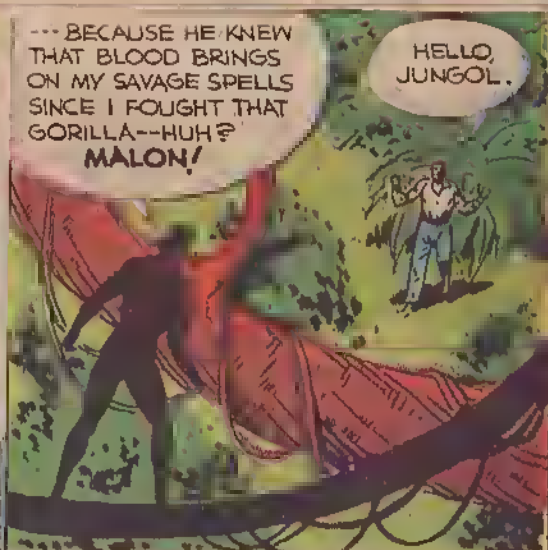




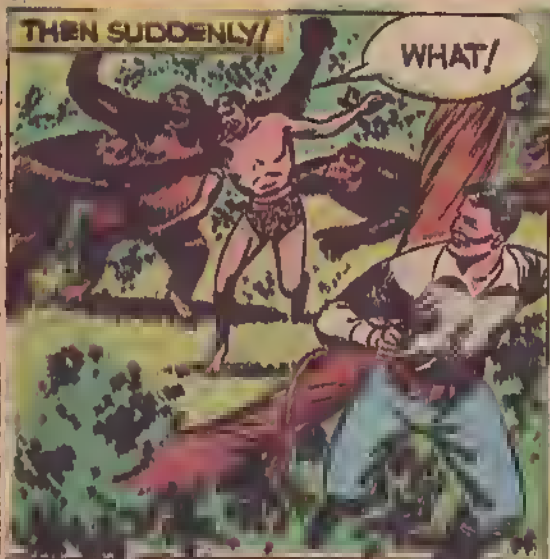


BACK ON SHIPBOARD, JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON, WHO AS STAND-IN FOR PHIL IN "JUNGOL" PICTURES, COVETED PHIL'S ROLE AND HIS FIANCEE ---









PREPARE FOR  
THE DANCE  
OF DEATH!

PRINCESS SADRI OFFERS  
ME A NICE HUNK O' GOLD  
IF I FIND HER A PERFECT  
WHITE MAN- SO I LEAD  
YOU INTO THAT GORILLA  
DEN SO SHE CAN CATCH  
YOU IN ACTION, SEE?

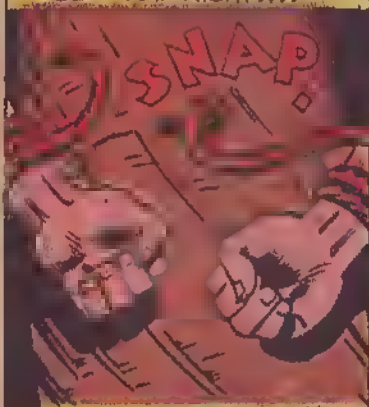


I'LL KILL YOU  
FOR THIS!

SUCH TALK! AND  
AFTER I GET YOU  
IN ON THIS NATIVE  
KINGDOM'S MOST  
IMPORTANT SACRI-  
FICIAL RITES!



BUT THAT NIGHT....



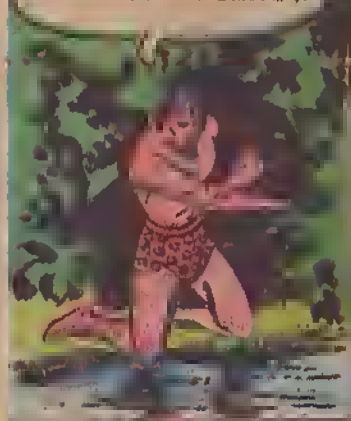
FORTUNATELY, MALON DOESN'T  
REALIZE THAT IN LEAVING JUNGOL  
WOUNDS BLEEDING JUNGOL HAS  
THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN---

YIPE!  
GLUB!

SILENCE,  
FOOL!



IT IS STRANGE... WITH  
THE BLOOD WASHED AWAY,  
THE SAVAGE SPELL PASSES,  
AND I CARE ONLY ABOUT  
RETURNING TO GLORIA.



MALON, FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKE,  
DON'T DO  
THIS!

WHY, I SHOULD  
THINK YOU'D LIKE  
BEING BURIED ALIVE  
WITH YOUR BOY  
FRIEND!

GLORIA!



JUNGOL FINDS  
GLORIA SOONER  
THAN HED HOPED.  
FOR NEXT  
MORNING....

YOU?--  
AGH!

YOU  
DESPICABLE  
CREATURE!

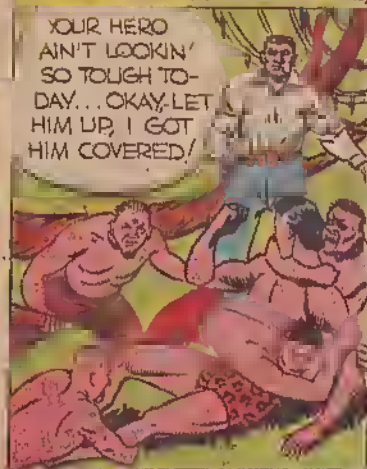
PHIL!





BUT, WITHOUT HIS SUPER-STRENGTH, JUNGOL IS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY MALON'S MINIONS.

YOUR HERO  
AIN'T LOOKIN'  
SO TOUGH TO-  
DAY... OKAY, LET  
HIM UP, I GOT  
HIM COVERED!



I'M KEEPING YOU COVERED  
UNTIL YOU'RE STRAPPED  
INTO YOUR DEATH CHAIR.  
AND THEY'RE DUMPIN'  
THE DIRT ON YOU!



OH,  
PHIL!

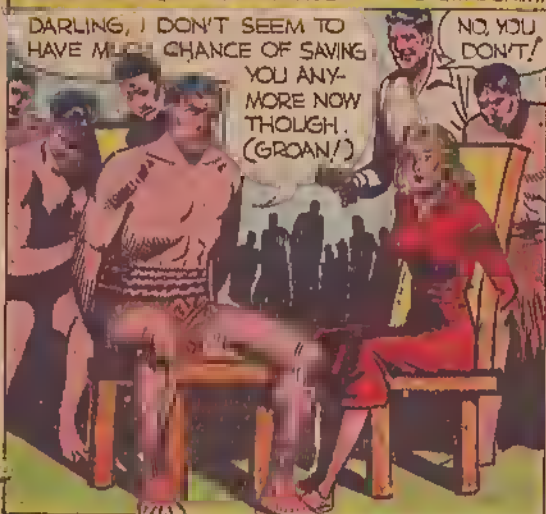


I'LL  
SAVE YOU  
SOMEHOW!

BUT JUNGOL'S BRAVE WORDS SOON BECOME GRIM.

DARLING, I DON'T SEEM TO  
HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF SAVING  
YOU ANY-  
MORE NOW  
THOUGH.  
(GROAN!)

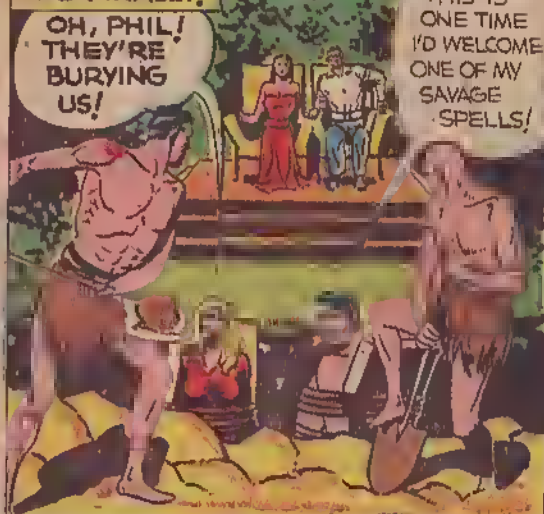
NO, YOU  
DON'T!



AND FINALLY!

OH, PHIL!  
THEY'RE  
BURYING  
US!

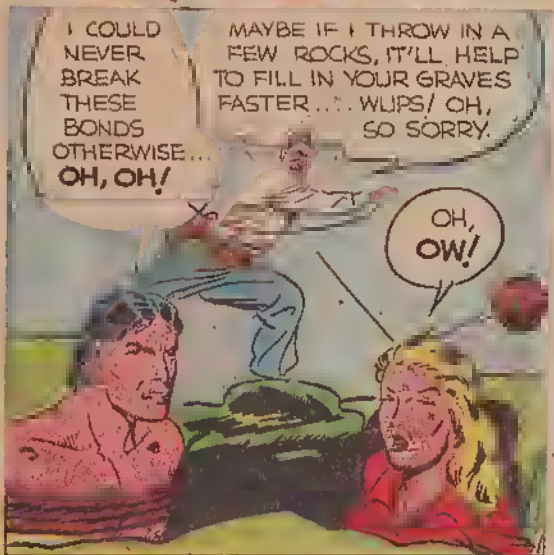
THIS IS  
ONE TIME  
I'D WELCOME  
ONE OF MY  
SAVAGE  
SPELLS!



I COULD  
NEVER  
BREAK  
THESE  
BONDS  
OTHERWISE...  
OH, OH!

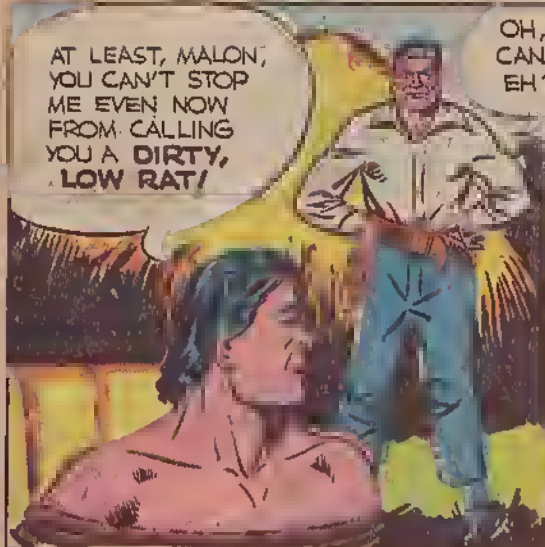
MAYBE IF I THROW IN A  
FEW ROCKS, IT'LL HELP  
TO FILL IN YOUR GRAVES  
FASTER... WUPS! OH,  
SO SORRY.

OH,  
OW!



AND MAYBE I HAVE AN IDEA!  
IT'S WORTH A TRY ANYWAY....





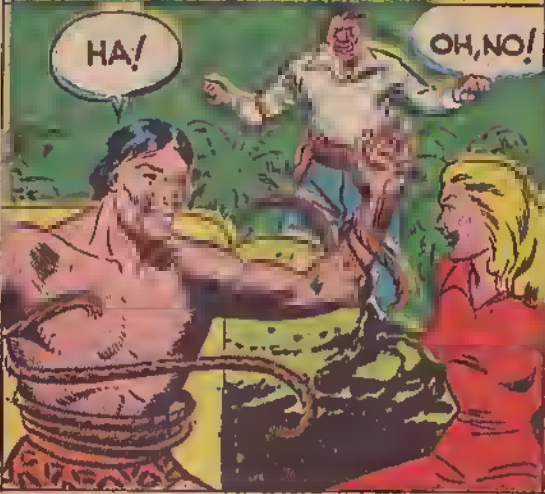
AT LEAST, MALON,  
YOU CAN'T STOP  
ME EVEN NOW  
FROM CALLING  
YOU A DIRTY,  
LOW RAT!

OH, I  
CAN'T,  
EH?



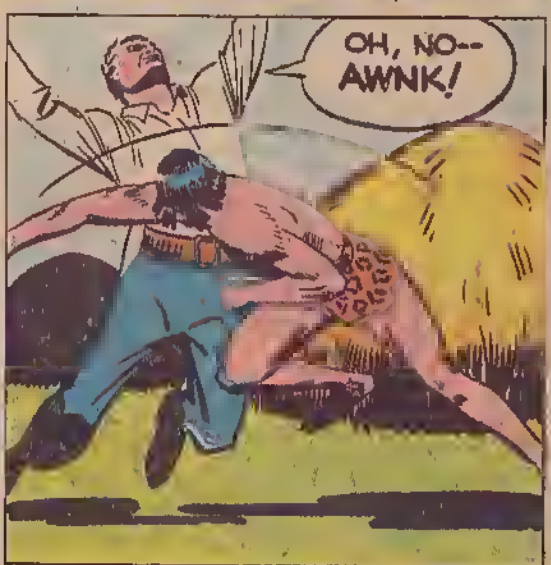
THAT'LL STOP YOU!....  
OH, CRIPES, THAT BLOOD  
MIGHT BRING ON ONE  
OF HIS SPELLS!...

AND MALON'S CRUEL GESTURE RELEASES  
JUNGOL'S SAVAGE SUPER-STRENGTH!



HA!

OH, NO!



OH, NO--  
AWNK!



HA!

THANK HEAVEN'S YOU  
WERE JUNGOL INSTEAD  
OF PHIL GANT THAT  
TIME!



BUT I STILL WANT TO  
MARRY.. PHIL GANT..

BUT CAN GLORIA EVER SAVE GANT FROM  
THE SAVAGERY IN HIS SOUL? WATCH FOR THE  
NEXT JUNGOL ADVENTURE IN **SPARKLING  
STARS**. IT WILL FOLLOW THE EXCITING  
FEATURE, **"FANGS, THE WOLF BOY"**.



# UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

One of the greatest of Bowling champions is 41-year old **JOE WILLMAN**, Bowling's Man of the Year for 1946.

Joe is the ABC's all-events king and holder of the National match-game title. The Chicago kegler can boast of more titles and records than practically any other man in Bowling.



**NED DAY**

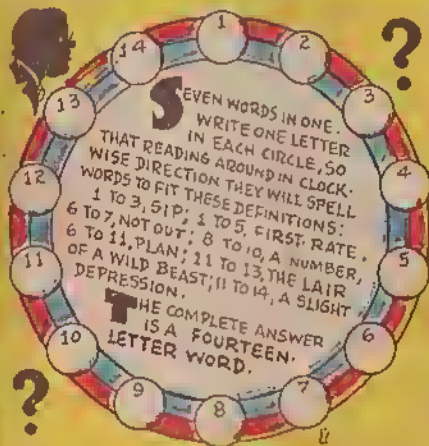
**FALCARO**

Joe Falcara and Ned Day also are no slouches at Bowling. Joe is the only man with 59 perfect games to his credit and the undefeated match-game champion.

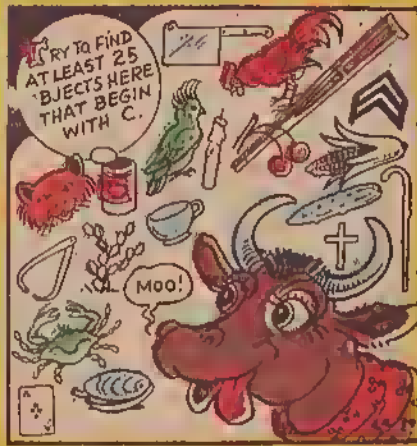
Ned Day of Wisconsin has won the National match-game Bowling title 5 times and is great on trick shots.



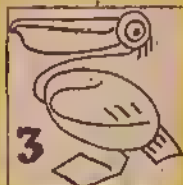
# Puzzle Page



**A** DRAWING LESSON FOR LITTLE ARTISTS. START BY DRAWING AN EGG



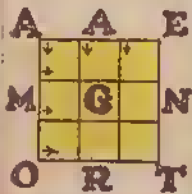
**T**RY TO SPELL A BOY'S NAME BY USING THE INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH OF THESE PICTURES.



**T**RY TO SPELL TWO FIVE-LETTER FRUITS BY THE USING ONLY THE LETTERS ON THE TREE TO FORM EACH WORD.

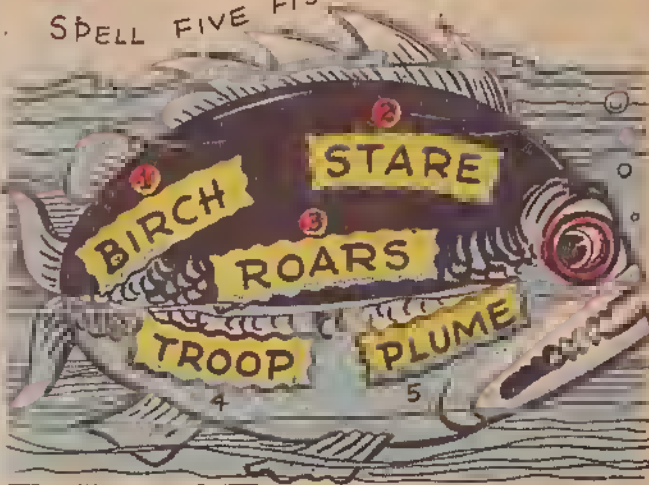
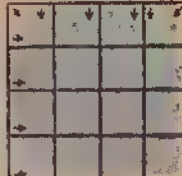
**NO ELM**

**C**AN YOU PRINT ONE LETTER IN EACH EMPTY SQUARE SO THAT THEY WILL FORM SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS?



**C**AN YOU CHANGE JUST TWO LETTERS IN EACH GROUP TO SPELL FIVE FISH?

1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
7	7	7	7



**U**SE ALL THE LETTERS SHOWN. THE WORDS MUST READ IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ARROWS. THE 'G' IS PLACED CORRECTLY.

**R**EARRANGE ALL THE NUMBERS SHOWN, ONE IN EACH EMPTY SQUARE, SO THAT THE 10 ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS WILL ADD UP TO EXACTLY 16.



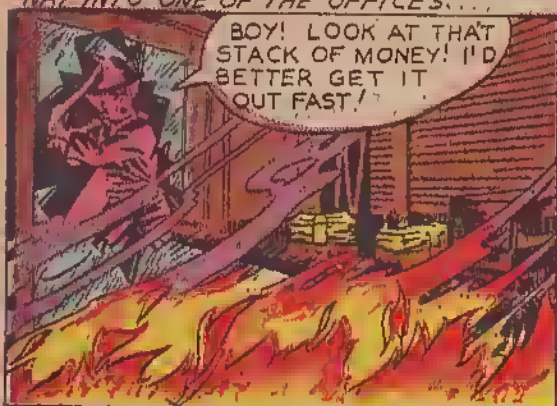
# MILLION DOLLAR SCHEM



GET IN THERE  
AND SAVE EVERYTHING  
YOU POSSIBLY CAN!

WHEN FIRE BROKE  
OUT IN THE POST  
OFFICE BUILDING  
IN WASHINGTON  
VAST AMOUNTS  
OF HISTORIC  
DOCUMENTS  
WERE DESTROYED,  
BUT THE REAL  
THRILLER WAS A  
DRAMA OF  
RESCUED TREASURE...

A FIREMAN MANAGES TO CRACK HIS  
WAY INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES...

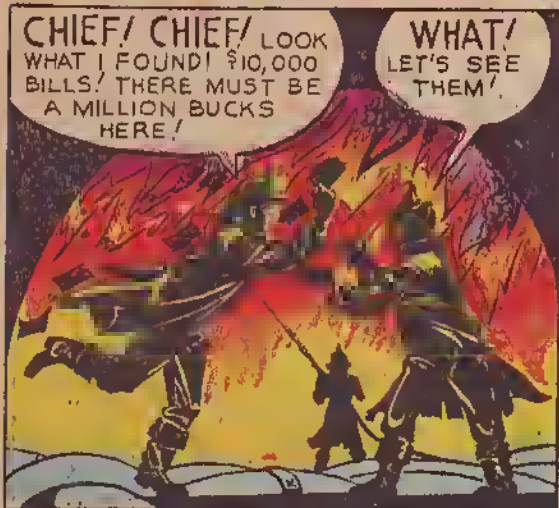


BOY! LOOK AT THAT  
STACK OF MONEY! I'D  
BETTER GET IT  
OUT FAST!



WOW! \$10,000  
BILLS! LUCKY  
I FOUND  
THEM!

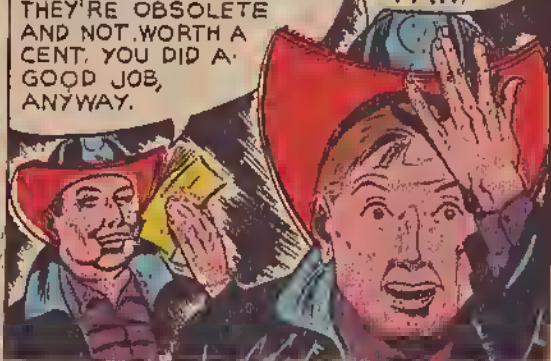
CHIEF! CHIEF! LOOK  
WHAT I FOUND! \$10,000  
BILLS! THERE MUST BE  
A MILLION BUCKS  
HERE!



WHAT!  
LET'S SEE  
THEM!

HA! HA! JOE, IT LOOKS  
LIKE YOU'RE A HERO  
FOR NOTHING. EVERY  
ONE OF THESE BILLS  
HAVE BEEN CANCELLED.  
THEY'RE OBSOLETE  
AND NOT WORTH A  
CENT. YOU DID A  
GOOD JOB,  
ANYWAY.

OOH! ALL  
THAT WORK  
FOR A BUNCH  
OF PAPER!  
PAH!

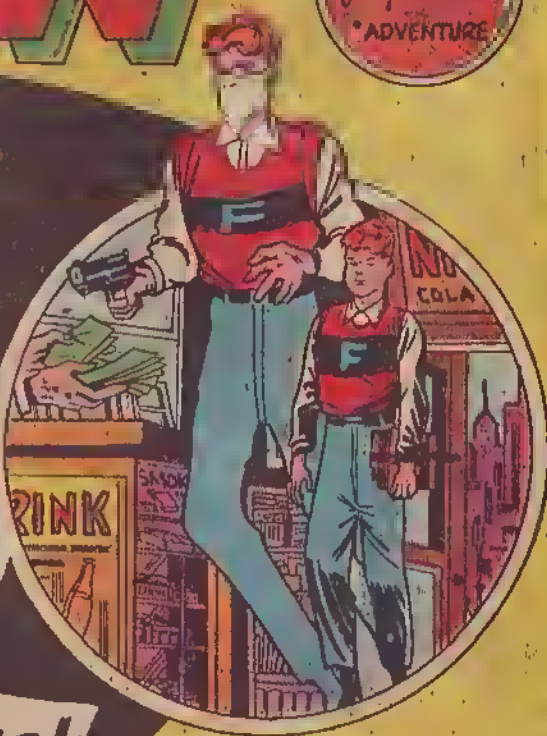


# OPERATION LAW



Can BOYS WHO HAVE GONE WRONG BE CHANGED INTO FINE USEFUL MEN? THE ANSWER TO THIS VITAL QUESTION IS GIVEN HERE BY JAY BROOKS, SOCIAL WORKER, WHOSE ADVENTUROUS ACTIVITIES COLLIDE WITH FRANK JONES AND OTHER...

## YOUTHFUL DELINQUENTS!



JAY BROOKS ---  
EMPIRE CITY, U.S.A.

—IT'S MY BROTHER FRANK, MR. BROOKS. LATELY HE'S BEEN COMING HOME WITH ROLLS OF MONEY. I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK..HE REFUSES TO TELL ME WHERE HE GETS IT FROM!! I DON'T WANT THE POLICE...



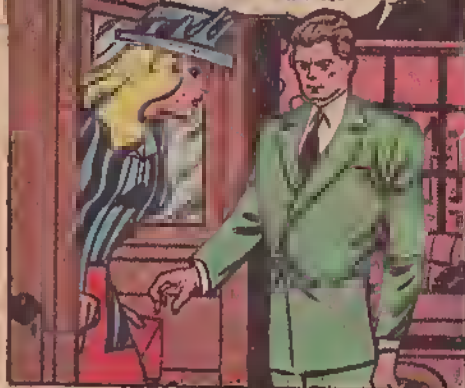
BUT I GUESS THAT I'VE MADE A MISTAKE COMING TO YOU-- IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR --AND I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY YOUR FEE.

ONE MOMENT MISS JONES -- YOU'RE WRONG!





THAT IS MY JOB...AND YOU WERE PERFECTLY IN THE RIGHT BY COMING TO ME. WE CAN WORRY ABOUT MY FEE LATER. MY CAR IS OUTSIDE...TELL ME MORE ABOUT FRANK.



FRANK IS FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN...I GUESS IT ALL STARTED WHEN I RECEIVED A NOTICE FROM HIS SCHOOL STATING THAT HE HAD BEEN ABSENT FOR THE PAST WEEK...I TALKED TO HIM AND ALTHOUGH I COULD NOT GET HIM TO TELL ME WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING...



I DID MANAGE TO EXTRACT A PROMISE FROM HIM THAT IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN AGAIN...I KNOW THAT HE HAS BROKEN THAT PROMISE AND THAT SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG. HE'S BEEN BRINGING HOME AS MUCH AS FIFTY DOLLARS EVERY DAY AND REFUSES TO TELL ME WHERE IT'S COMING FROM.



I WORK ALL DAY AND WE'RE FINDING IT VERY DIFFICULT TO KEEP GOING...WE HAVEN'T ANY PARENTS. I WORK AS A SALESGIRL...MISTER BROOKS, FRANK.. IS NOT A CRIMINAL / I KNOW THAT !!

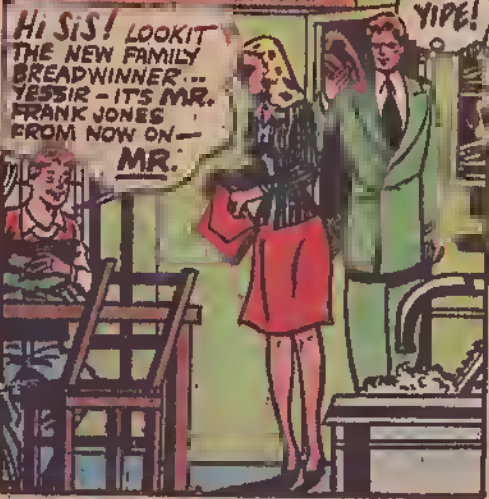


I SINCERELY HOPE THAT HE HAS NOT GONE TOO FAR--  
**JUVENILE DELINQUENCY** IS A DISGRACE TO MODERN SOCIETY.



A SHORT WHILE LATER--

HI SIS! LOOKIT THE NEW FAMILY BREADWINNER... YESSIR - IT'S MR. FRANK JONES FROM NOW ON--  
**MR.**



ONE HUNDRED BUCKS---THAT'S WHAT I CALL MONEY!



G-GOLLY...

FRANK--FRANK--WHERE HEY-LAY-  
DID YOU GET ALL OFF SUE!  
THAT MONEY? WHAT'S COME  
WHERE?? OVER YOU? DO  
YOU WANT  
KEEP WORKING  
YER LIFE?



BUT-- BULL GILMORE GAVE  
IT TO ME..HEY..WHO'S MY PROFES-  
THIS GUY, SUE? HE SION IS SOCIAL  
LOOKS LIKE A WORK--MY JOB  
DICK-- IS TO AID FOLKS  
IN HARDSHIP



YOU DON'T HEAR MUCH ABOUT  
SOCIAL WORKERS, FRANK, BUT  
BELIEVE ME, WE CAN HELP---  
IF YOU EXTEND A BIT OF CO-  
OPERATION-----I'D LIKE TO KNOW  
WHERE "BULL" GILMORE GOT  
THE MONEY..?



I SHALL LEAVE, FRANK--YOU KNOW  
MY OFFICE ADDRESS - I'LL SEE YOU -

P-PLEASE--!



H'M--THE POLICE STATION IS JUST  
AROUND THE CORNER - I THINK I'LL  
SEE INSPECTOR MERTEL  
AND CHECK ON GILMORE.





**POLICE HEADQUARTERS...**

MR. BROOKS, GILMORE'S RECORD IS SHORT AND SOUR--HE'S SERVED TIME IN THE PENN FOR ASSAULT, BLACKMAIL AND COUNTER-FETTING--**THAT** IS IT IN A NUT-SHELL!

H'M--I KNOW THAT HE'S OUT NOW, AND IS UP TO NO GOOD--I'M GOING TO LOOK HIM UP!

**AS JAY BROOKS LEAVES...**

**MR. BROOKS!**

HOW'S ABOUT A BREAK, COPPER?

**SHUDAP!**

I TRIED TO FIND OUT WHY BULL GAVE FRANK THE MONEY... HE RAN OUT..., BUT SAID SOMETHING ABOUT BRINGING ALL OF THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK TO HIS APARTMENT-- ON HIS WAY THERE NOW--

WE'RE ALSO GOING TO PAY GILMORE A VISIT --- **COME ON!**

**MEANWHILE ---- IN THE LUSH APARTMENT OF BULL GILMORE...**

**GLAD TO SEE YOU KIDS - WELCOME -**

ARE WE GONNA HAVE AS MUCH MONEY AS **YOU, B-BULL?**

**SURE FELLOWS--SURE. STICK WID ME AN THE BOYS--WE'LL START YOU OFF RIGHT--BY TEACHIN' YA HOW TO DRIVE AN' PICK AUTO LOCKS.**

**YEAH, WILL WE?**

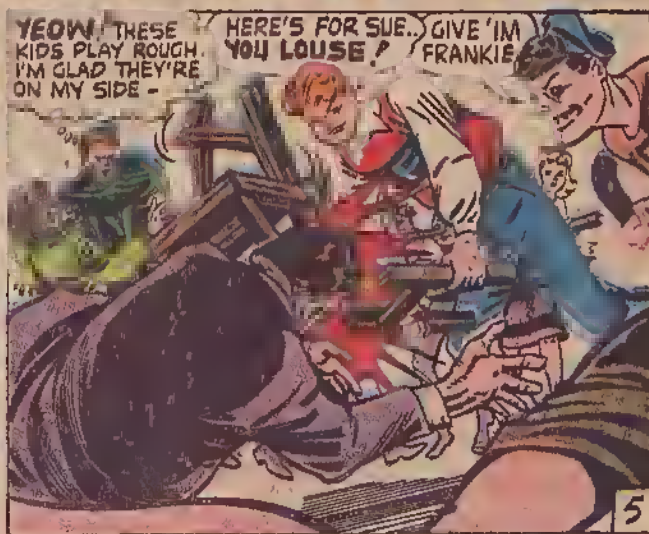
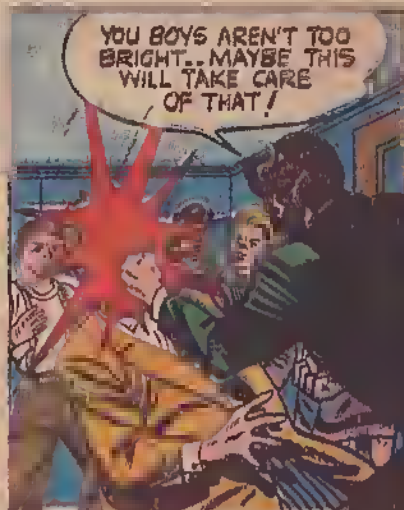
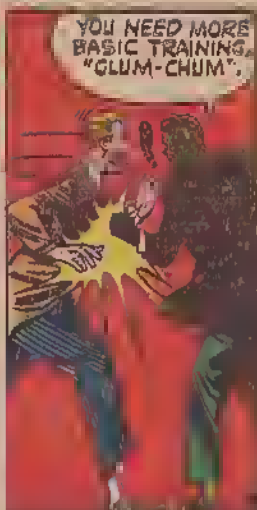
ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP A FEW CARS EACH WEEK--AND BRING'EM TO ME. I'LL PAY YA **TWO HUNDRED BUCKS PER CAR--**

**GOSH!**

IT ALL SOUNDS SWELL BULL--- BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE GET CAUGHT? **WHAT THEN ??**

I GOT LOTS OF PROTECTION--IT'S A **CINCH--**

IT'S A **CINCH** THAT CHARACTERS SUCH AS **YOU--BULL GILMORE--** SHOULD HAVE A RESERVED CELL IN THE STATE-PEN.



HERE'S FOR SUE.. GIVE 'IM YOU LOUSE! FRANKIE



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

YIMMINY. THERE THEY ARE!

**BREAK IT UP..THE  
WHOLE PACK OF YOU..  
AND ... MR. BROOKS -  
ARE YOU O.K.?**

FINE  
MALLORY..A BIT  
MUSSED UP-

IF YOU GET THESE CRUMBS  
BACK TO THE COOLERS - WHERE  
THEY BELONG, I'LL BE DOWN  
IN A FEW MINUTES TO REFER  
CHARGES..THE KIDS ARE O.K.  
SEE YOU SOON..

王明

SUE, I'M CERTAIN THAT THESE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE TOP-NOTCH. I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO CERTAIN PEOPLE AND WE'LL TRY TO GET A LARGE PLAYGROUND BUILT IN THIS NEIGH-

BUILT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD... GILMORE WON'T INFLUENCE ANY OTHER YOUNGSTER.

IT DOESN'T REALLY TAKE TOO  
MUCH TO MAKE FELLOWS HAPPY...  
GUESS I'LL GET GOING.

FOOTBALL TENNIS  
TRACK BASEBALL

ALL'S WELL THAT  
ENDS WELL ---  
SO LONG, FOLKS!

M. MR. BROOKS  
BEFORE YOU  
GO —

IT'S NOT IN THE SCRIPT BUT...

The  
end

**Hundreds of Thousands of Men**



**Make  
This Test**  
with your own hands  
and feel what we mean

**The Secret of  
the "Interlocking  
Hands"**

Only COMMANDER contains this New principle. A person-on-stretch material is built into the special stretch body of the COMMANDER . . . In the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.



**FREE  
10 DAY TRIAL!**

If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

Only **\$2.98**

Special Large  
Size, 48 to 60,  
\$3.90

SIZES 30 to 47



BEFORE

AFTER



*Appear*

**SLIMMER...**

**FEEL BETTER, LOOK YOUNGER**

with **COMMANDER**

**The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter**

Yes, instantly, you, too, can begin to feel **ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD** by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the **COMMANDER**, the amazing new Men's Abdominal Supporter.

**GET "IN SHAPE" INSTANTLY**

**AND ENJOY A HAPPY STREAMLINED APPEARANCE**

The **COMMANDER** presents the exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra support where you need it most. It flattens the lumbering sagging "corporation" and restores to the body the zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" at once.

**BREATHE EASIER—TAKE WEIGHY OFF TIRED FEET**

The helpful uplifting **EXTRA SUPPORTING** power of the **COMMANDER** firmly supports abdominal sag. The instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

**YOUR BACK IS BRACED—**

**YOUR CLOTHES FIT BETTER—YOU APPEAR TALLER**

The **COMMANDER** braces your figure . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement immediately.

**COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN!**

The absence of gaging steel ribs, clanking buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. **COMMANDER** has a real man's jock type pouch. **IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION.** Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. **SEND FOR IT NOW!**

**Commander Wearers All Over America Say—**

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

—Dr. A. M. S. Syndrich, Mich.

"Entered and order for another belt."

"I wouldn't be without this supporter for its that's what it says."

—Dr. C. C. S., St. Charles, Ill.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

—P.N., Fort Knox, K.Y.

There are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that are being received daily. Originals of these and others are on file.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

**INTRODUCTORY TEN-DAY TRIAL OFFER**

**WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. T-5A9  
113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.**

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days Trial. I will pay postage the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My weight now is \_\_\_\_\_ My height is \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.



## ADVICE TO "SPARKLING STARS" READERS

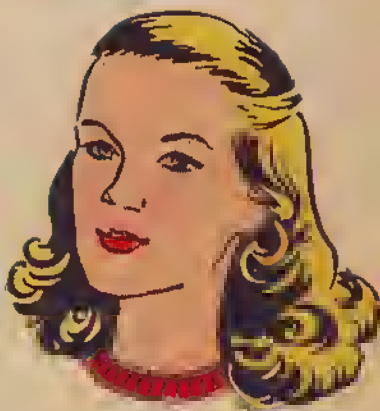
# BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads

And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis



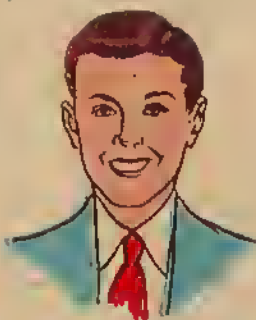
Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because their neglect has robbed them of the good look, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yet, every time you look at your face, the beautiful complexion which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours, taking my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation

of pimples, blackheads or other skin ills. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of ugly, unbecoming skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jilly like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too. In fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you remove everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 204 Division Street, Dept. 204 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

